

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

DANIEL DREW, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

BY REV. J. M'CLINTOCK, D. D.

IN a certain sense it is true that, in this age, "Commerce is King." The lives of "successful merchants" are found to be subjects of story as attractive to the men of this generation as those of monarchs or heroes. And why not? There is no reason why the power of genius and industry should not be recognized in the great achievements of commerce, as well as in the master-pieces of the pencil or the chisel, in the creations of the poet, the discoveries of the philosopher, or the triumphs of the sword. The keen sagacity, the comprehensive judgment, the ready memory, and perhaps, more than all, the prompt and bold decision needed in grand commercial enterprises and combinations, are some of the most powerful attributes of the human mind. And when we find men combining these great qualities with personal integrity and an earnest Christian life, it is fitting, not merely that they should receive due honor, but that their example should be held up for the imitation of the young.

The portrait in this number is a good likeness of one of the leading business men and financiers of this country. Mr. Drew's height is about five feet ten inches; his form is slender, but lithe and agile; his head is well shaped, with predominance in the reflective and observing organs; his eye clear and keen; his features strongly marked; his general expression mild, but firm. He was born, July 29, 1797, at Carmel, Putnam county, New York. His early years were spent on the farm, and his education included habits of industry and frugality, with the rudiments of knowledge gathered at the winter country school. In 1812 his father died, leaving little or no property, and at eighteen the lad began business on his own account. Five years he spent in driving cattle from Putnam county to the city for sale, and at the end of that time he had laid up no money.

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But he had gained what was better than money, a thorough knowledge of the trade, and he made use of this knowledge in after years with great success. He had been converted and united with the Methodist Church in 1811; but amid the temptations and perils of the business in which he had embarked he lost his religious life about 1814. But the godly training of his pious mother, and the early operations of the Holy Spirit on his heart, were never entirely forgotten; and he was enabled to avoid the chief vices of men in the cattle trade, such as intemperance and profanity. In 1823 he married, and the home influences now brought about him aided in keeping him from evil habits and associations. A striking incident that occurred not long before his marriage made a deep and permanent impression upon his mind. He had driven out, with a companion, from New York to Manhattanville, in a gig. Fastening the horse under a white-wood tree, they walked out into a field to examine some cattle. A storm came up suddenly, and they returned to the gig for shelter. Hardly were they seated, when Mr. Drew and his companion were stunned by lightning. When they revived, the horse lay dead before them, in his harness. It was a marvelous escape, and Mr. Drew has never forgotten it.

In 1829 Mr. Drew removed to the city of New York, where he continued the cattle trade for some ten years longer. Part of that time he kept the old "Bull's Head" in the Bowery, a famous resort of butchers and drovers, and, in fact, a sort of cattle-dealer's exchange. His first ventures lay in near trade with adjacent counties in New York, but he and his partners gradually extended their field, first into Pennsylvania, afterward into the great west. They brought the first large drove of cattle that ever crossed the Alleghanies—two thousand head—in droves of one hundred each. The statistics of this trade, if we had space for them, would be full of curious interest. The cattle were purchased in the valleys

of Ohio and Kentucky, paid for in cash, collected in droves, and then brought over by careful hands. The transit required nearly two months, and cost \$12 per head, with allowance also of \$12 for beef "driven off" in the journey. Now, cattle are brought even from Illinois in five or six days. The business of the old-time drover is extinct. The cars and steamboats bring thousands of four-footed passengers a day into the great metropolis.

Mr. Drew's introduction to the steamboat business was apparently accidental. In 1834 Jacob Vanderbilt's steamer, General Jackson, running to Peekskill, blew up at Grassy Point, and a number of persons were killed and wounded. A new steamer, the "Waterwitch," was put on the route by a friend of Mr. Drew's, Mr. H. Bailey, who induced him to take a share of \$1,000 in the enterprise. Commodore Vanderbilt—brother of Jacob—then, as now, a great steamboat man, built the "Cinderella" for his brother, and put her on the line against the Waterwitch. The opposition ran high; the fare was reduced to a shilling; public opinion was with the Waterwitch, and she carried some six hundred passengers a day to twenty or thirty on the Cinderella. The Waterwitch got great glory, and was welcomed daily with huzzas and uproar from thronging crowds at the landings; nevertheless, at the end of the season, she was in debt some \$10,000. Mr. Bailey was sick of the enterprise, and sold the steamer to Drew, Kelley, and Raymond, for \$20,000. A compromise was made with Mr. Vanderbilt, and the Waterwitch was run as a day-boat to Hartford. Her speed was a wonder for those times—she left New York at 7 A. M., and reached Hartford by sunset. In 1836 she was exchanged by her owners for the "Westchester," which was pitted for the season, on the North river, against the "Hudson River line," then consisting of boats supposed to be the finest that ever could be built—the De Witt Clinton, North America, Ohio, and others, which monopolized the traffic at a fare of \$3 to Albany. Our older readers on the Hudson—and we have many of them—will remember the exciting contest of that year. The public support to the "opposition" was excellent; another boat was needed. None could be had in New York. Vanderbilt's advice was sought. "The Emerald," said he, "is running from Philadelphia to Wilmington—you can buy her." The advice was taken without a day's delay; the Emerald was bought for \$26,000; and before the first of August she and the Westchester were running as night-boats on the Hudson, crowded with passengers, at \$1 fare. During the year the firm of Drew & Co. built the "Rochester," at a cost of \$56,000, and the Hudson line the "Swallow," both admirable models. But instead of compe-

tition, there was compromise; the old fare was restored, and the profits were shared, to a fixed extent, between the two lines. To follow this extending business year by year would be full of interest, doubtless; but it would require a volume rather than the space of a magazine article. We must leap over a few years. Mr. Isaac Newton, who was largely engaged in freighting by tow boats, had built in 1839 two fine steamers, the "North America" and "South America." In 1840 the boats and apparatus of Drew & Co., and of Mr. Newton, were brought together, and a joint stock company was formed, which purchased the entire property, and assumed the business. There were four or five stockholders, but Mr. Drew held by far the largest share. The new "People's line" was reinforced, on the breaking up of the Hudson River line, by the "De Witt Clinton," her owner being admitted as a shareholder. For several years the line held almost undisputed possession of the river: the boats were large, elegant, comfortable, and well managed; the public were amply accommodated; and the steamboat navigation of the Hudson became the praise and wonder of the world. But in 1845 a great step in advance was taken, in the building of the "Isaac Newton," a floating palace, three hundred feet long, with berths for five hundred passengers. The "New World," since built, has even grander proportions. No one who has not seen these magnificent vessels can form a just idea of their vastness, their elegance of finish and furnishing, and the completeness of their equipment. Some notion of their costliness may be had from the fact, that, in 1857 and 1858, three hundred thousand dollars were spent in refitting these two boats with new engines and furniture.

In 1847 Mr. George Law built the steamer "Oregon," and put her on the Hudson as an opposition boat. This contest was ended by a contract made in partnership, by Drew & Law, to run the "Knickerbocker" and "Oregon" to Stonington, to connect with the railroad from that point to Boston. A new and vast field for Mr. Drew's activity was opened, and it was so skillfully occupied that, by the end of 1850, a splendid line of steamers was working on this route, and Mr. Drew, in connection with Mr. Vanderbilt, had obtained possession of a preponderating interest in the Stonington railroad. The principle of making the *interest of the traveling and business public* to coincide with the interest of the owners of the line, which had been so steadily and successfully adhered to on the Hudson, was adopted on the Stonington route. The old "Knickerbocker" was sold; the "Commodore" and "C. Vanderbilt," two of the finest seaboats

ever built, were added to the line, and the public confidence was secured, and has been kept ever since, by the punctuality, safety, and promptitude of the entire service for passengers and freight, as well as for the mails.

In 1852 the Hudson River railroad was opened, and every body thought that the passenger-trade of the steamers was doomed. The President of the road had told Mr. Drew before, that, "on the opening of the road to Albany, he might bid good-by to the steamboats." But these fears and predictions were very wide of the mark. So rapid has been the growth of the country, and so excellent and cheap the accommodations for travel and freight afforded by the steamers, that now—1859—while thousands of passengers are carried daily by rail, the number conveyed in the steamers is greater than ever before. Since 1851 the fare to Albany and Troy has been uniformly kept at the same low rate—one dollar; and though six boats run every night, and two by day, to Albany, there is ample and profitable business for them all.

Mr. Drew's business was still more widely extended by the purchase, in 1849—by Drew, Kelley & Robinson—of the Champlain Transportation Company's stock, a capital of \$150,000, with five steamboats, running from Whitehall to Canada. The line was run successfully till 1856, when it was sold to the Saratoga and Whitehall Railroad Company.

Of all these varied and gigantic operations Mr. Drew has been the master spirit. When he first entered into the business, Mr. Vanderbilt often said to him, "You have no business in this trade; you do n't understand it, and you can't succeed." In fact, not one man in a hundred who has attempted the business has succeeded in it. Since 1836 there have been forty opposition boats on the river, not one of which has been a complete success, while many of them have ruined their owners. Something more than capital is needed in a trade like this, and that is, the personal attention, skill, and watchfulness, of the capitalists themselves. From the beginning Mr. Drew has conducted this trade on clear and well-defined principles, and he has had associates—especially the late Isaac Newton, Esq.—capable of appreciating and executing vast and thorough plans. One rule of the line is to *choose the best man* that can be found for each post, and then to keep him. The captain of the "New World" has been in the service since 1834, and many of the other *employés* have had very long terms. Another rule is to keep the boats *always in perfect order*. No break in wood or iron is allowed to go a day unrepaired; the paint is kept fresh; the brass is shining; the ropes are in order; in

short, every thing is in its place, and not only fit for use, but in the highest state of efficiency. A third rule is, that *no law of the service* shall be broken with impunity. In this respect the regime of the lines is despotic; every officer knows that while faithful he will be cherished and rewarded, but that carelessness or neglect will be fatal to his prospects. The best proof of the skill and wisdom with which these great steamboat lines have been conducted can be given in one sentence: *no traveler* has ever lost his life by accident on any steamer of which Mr. Drew has had control! When it is remembered that he has been in the business for a quarter of a century, and during part of that time more largely engaged in it, perhaps, than any single man in the world, the fact appears wonderful indeed. So far as we know, it is entirely without parallel in the history of steamboat navigation.

Mr. Drew has never insured his steamboat property. His motto is, that vigilance and just outlays on the service are the best insurance. The result has justified his sagacity. Insurance would have cost him near half a million in twenty years; his losses by accident have been covered by little more than a tenth of that sum.

The business above sketched would be sufficient, one would think, to occupy all the time and thoughts of any man, however eminent in capacity. But it has only formed one department of Mr. Drew's activities. About the year 1836, to give occupation to another person, he embarked a small capital in the banking business in Wall-street. His partner indorsed the extension notes of a friend without consulting Mr. Drew, which caused a loss of over \$30,000. In 1840 he associated with himself Nelson Robinson and R. W. Kelley, under the firm of Drew, Robinson & Co. Mr. Robinson had no capital, but his character and talent had been well tested by Mr. Drew in a previous business connection. The details of the business were conducted by the junior partners, but its leading operations were controlled by Mr. Drew. The success of the firm was remarkable; indeed, no large operation of the house, except one, ever turned out a mistake. The single exception was a loan of near a million to a Trust Company in 1846, a loan made—in deviation from the general rule of the house—contrary to Mr. Drew's advice. Even in that case the securities for the loan—which included a mortgage of a western railroad—have been so well managed that no ultimate loss is apprehended.

In 1853, wishing to contract his cares and labors, Mr. Drew retired from the banking business, giving it up to his son-in-law, Mr. Kelley. The house was then as strong in position and character as any in Wall-street. In one year Mr. Drew was

called back from his country seat by the death of Mr. Kelley, and had to take up the threads of finance again. Acting on his old principle of using well-tried agents, he took into partnership, in 1855, Mr. E. B. Stanton, who had been one of his clerks. The business has gone on till this day, without check or interruption. What its success has been no one knows, we suppose, outside of the firm. But the name of the house on a piece of paper will give it currency for more thousands than would build a western city. Indeed, the single name of Daniel Drew, indorsed on the acceptances of the Erie railroad in 1855, to the extent of a million and a half of dollars, sufficed to guarantee their value and to give them currency. These acceptances were duly met. In the summer of 1857 Mr. Drew was called upon again to indorse acceptances to the same amount—a million and a half—and again the money was procured on the credit of his single name. The financial crash came a few months after, and a man of great nerve might well have trembled, in such a time of universal panic, at a responsibility so enormous. But Mr. Drew never flinched—the acceptances were known to be safe, with his name on them, in spite of panic and pressure; and, as they came due, they were all paid off or renewed. They are all now liquidated. A friend asked Mr. Drew, in the height of the panic, whether he "could sleep in these times?" "I have never lost a night's rest, on account of business, in my life," was the reply.

In 1857 Mr. Drew was elected a Director of the Harlem railroad. The property was in a very depressed condition, and the floating debt amounted to over \$600,000. Mr. Drew and Mr. Vanderbilt indorsed the acceptances of the road to pay off this debt. The new directors changed the policy of the road; an energetic and capable man, Mr. Campbell, was made President, and the floating debt was paid off by an issue of second mortgage bonds. The profits of the road now pay interest on all its bonds, leaving a surplus to be applied to repairs, renewal of the track, etc. After long adversity, this vast property now gives promise of being regularly productive, and there is a chance that its stockholders may some day begin to get some return for their outlays.

Amid all the cares of this vast and varied business, Mr. Drew has found time for practical agriculture. In this, as in his other pursuits, he has succeeded. He has an estate of nearly a thousand acres, about fifty miles distant from the city, on the Harlem railroad. His lands are mostly grazing farms, on which western cattle are fattened for market. In 1858, out of one hundred and twenty cattle sold from the estate, one hundred weighed a thousand pounds each in

the beef, and brought \$100 a head. The farmers are allowed their homes and various perquisites for the care of the cattle, etc., and their interest is made to coincide with that of the owner.

It has already been stated that Mr. Drew was converted and joined the Methodist Church in 1811. But the "cares of this world choked the word," and he "became unfruitful." For twenty-five years he lived "without God in the world," though not without a certain degree of moral restraint. In 1839 he removed into Bleecker-street, New York. The "Mulberry-Street Church," then but a few years old, stood opposite his house, and he attended worship there occasionally, simply because it was "convenient." In 1841, during the pastorate of the Rev. James H. Perry, a protracted meeting was held in the church. Mr. Drew began to attend at night from curiosity. Under the earnest and faithful preaching of the Gospel many souls were touched; the Spirit of God was powerfully poured forth upon the people. Mr. Drew heard the Divine voice and obeyed. After going to the altar some eight or ten times, he was reclaimed from his sins, and received the seal of forgiveness. Very soon after his wife was brought in, and both united with the Church. He soon began to take part in the service of the Church, praying in the class and prayer meetings, and ready to "wait upon the Lord" in any capacity in which he could be useful.

For many years he has been a trustee of Mulberry-Street—now St. Paul's; and his money and time have always been at the service of the Church in which he was brought to know again the "peace of the Lord Jesus." At his country home he is also steward and trustee. Some years ago a church was built on his home farm, under the direction of his daughter, Mrs. Clapp. It is a tasteful structure, neatly furnished throughout, and capable of seating from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons. A few years ago there was a gracious revival here, and many souls were converted. In the rear of the church is a school-room, also got up and furnished by Mrs. Clapp, with a library, maps, etc. A classical school has been kept up for several years, and the neighbors have the privilege of thorough training, *gratis*, for their children. The church and school cost about \$6,000, and the annual cost to Mr. Drew is about \$1,500 a year. Mrs. Clapp—who is a Baptist—superintends the Sunday school, and her husband, the Rev. Mr. Clapp, of the Baptist Church, unites with the circuit preachers in filling the pulpit of the chapel. All Mr. Drew's children and grandchildren, over fifteen years of age, are members of the Church—either Methodists or Baptists—a striking instance of the power of Christian example, and of a

well-ordered and godly household, in counteracting the corrupting influence of wealth.

Mr. Drew has been, for several years, a trustee of the Wesleyan University, and of the Biblical Institute at Concord, to both of which he has been a patron and a contributor. He is also a trustee of the Troy University. To him, and to a number of other noble Christian men in St. Paul's Church, New York, the Church is indebted for examples of missionary contribution to some degree befitting the cause of Christ and the duty of Christians in this age. As might be expected, a man of his wealth is called upon for every charity and public movement in the city, and for very many out of it. Yet we believe that none go empty away who bring a valid and substantial claim for his assistance.

Mr. Drew is still in vigorous health, and, to all human appearance, has many years of active labor before him. His various enterprises have added largely to the wealth and prosperity of New York, and in this sense he has been one of the benefactors of the metropolis. But he has been a benefactor, in a far higher and nobler sense, in affording an example of industry, energy, and business talent of the highest order, combined with a high sense of personal honor, and with unimpeachable integrity. In the Church, his modest but steadfast testimony, given in the class-room, the prayer meeting, and the love-feast, has been of incalculable value, especially to young men of business. May he long be spared to enjoy the fruits of his industry, and to share in advancing the kingdom of Christ on earth, not merely by his Christian use of the large wealth of which God has made him the steward, but also by his personal services to the Church, and by his living example of peaceful and yet active piety!

#### A CHARACTERISTIC OF JOHN WESLEY'S PREACHING.

In the year 1790 John Wesley preached at Lincoln in the month of July: his text was Luke x, 42, "One thing is needful." When the congregation were retiring from the chapel, a lady exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise, "Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why, the poorest person in the chapel might have understood him!" The gentleman to whom the remark was made, replied, "In this, madam, he displays his greatness; that while the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and can not be offended." This is the true secret of success in preaching; for they who aim at great things too often overshoot their mark.

#### THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

BY WAIF WOODLAND

For years I have expected it,  
And often wondered why  
It came not with the faded cheek,  
Or early sunken eye;

Yet, putting back the glossy threads  
That o'er my temples lay,  
Have marvelled if their auburn hue  
Could ever turn to gray.

It may be that my wayward heart  
Had somewhat fostered pride;  
Or, with a vain presumptuousness,  
Had put its watch aside;

And of the rapid flight of time  
Had kept but careless date,  
Forgetful that life's work therewith  
Should be commensurate.

But, as I dreamed of youth last night,  
A blighting angel came,  
And, bending o'er my pillow, wrote  
Upon this hair his name!

This morn, before the glass, I read  
The strange prophetic trace;  
While something like a shower of pearls  
Stole down my pallid face.

Then swiftly through each throbbing vein  
I felt the hot blood leap;  
Indignant that the deathless soul  
For its frail mate should weep.

Companions, hand in hand, they've trod  
Life's rugged road in peace;  
Dreading to part, yet each at times  
Sighing for its release.

On one the heavy hand of time  
Hath graven its decree;  
The other, fresh and vigorous,  
Pants only to be free.

O, silv'ry hair! thou art to me  
Than silken braids more dear;  
Herald of death upon my brow,  
Henceforth thy home is here.

For wearing thee, pale prophetess,  
Life seems so frail a thing—  
My soul will listen for the sweep  
Of the death-angel's wing.

And I shall walk more patiently  
Mayhap, since thou hast come  
To weave around my faded brow  
Sweet memories of home.

#### RETIREMENT.

THE fall of waters and the song of birds,  
And hills that echo to the distant herds,  
Are luxuries excelling all the glare  
The world can boast, and her chief favorites share.

COWPER.

## THE CONVERTED INFIDEL.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

SOME two miles from the village of C., on a road that wound in among the hills, stood a great white house. It was beautifully situated upon a gentle slope facing the south, and overlooking a most charming landscape. Away in the distance a mountain lifted itself against the clear blue sky. At its base rolled a broad, deep river. Nestling down in the beautiful valley that intervened reposed the charming little village, with its neat cottages, white church, little red school-house, and one or two mansions that told of wealth. Here and there in the distance a pond was visible, while farm-houses and humbler dwellings dotted the picture in every direction.

Such was the home of three promising children, who, for the last three months, had been constant members of the village Sabbath school. The eldest was a girl of some fourteen years. John, the second, was a bright, amiable lad of eleven. The other, the little rosy-cheeked, laughing Ella, with her golden curls and sunny smile, had just gathered the roses of her ninth summer.

The father of these interesting children was the rich Captain Lowe. He was a man of mark, such, in many respects, as are often found in rural districts. Strictly moral, intelligent, and well-read, kind-hearted and naturally benevolent, he attracted all classes of community to himself, and wielded great influence in his town.

But, notwithstanding all these excellences, Mr. Lowe was an *infidel*. He ridiculed in his good-natured way the idea of prayer, looked upon conversion as a solemn farce, and believed the most of professing Christians were well-meaning but deluded people. He was well-versed in all the subtle arguments of infidel writers, had studied the Bible quite carefully, and could argue against it in the most plausible manner. Courteous and kind to all, few could be offended at his frank avowal of infidel principles, or resent his keen, half-jovial sarcasms upon the peculiarities of some weak-minded, though sincere members of the Church.

But Mr. Lowe saw and acknowledged the saving influence of the *morality* of Christianity. He had, especially, good sense enough to perceive and frankness enough to confess that the Sabbath school was a noble moral enterprise. He was not blind to the fact abundantly proved by all our criminal records, that few children trained within her influences ever grow up to vice and crime. Hence his permission for his children to attend the Sabbath school.

Among the many children who kneeled as penitents at the altar in the little vestry one bright,

beautiful Sabbath were Sarah Lowe and her brother and sister. It was a moving sight to see that gentle girl, with a mature thoughtfulness far beyond her years, take that younger brother and sister by the hand and kneel with them at the mercy-seat—a sight to lighten the joy of angels.

When the children told their mother what they had done, and expressed a determination to try and be Christians, she, too, was greatly moved. She had been early trained in the principles and belief of Christianity, and had never renounced her early faith. Naturally confiding, with a yielding, conciliatory spirit, she had never obtruded her sentiments upon the notice of her husband, nor openly opposed any of his peculiar views. But now, when her little ones gathered around her and spoke of their new love for the Savior, their joy, and peace, she wept. All the holy influences of her own childhood and youth seemed breathing upon her heart. She remembered the faithful sermons of the old pastor whose hands had baptized her. She remembered, too, the family altar, and the prayers which were offered morning and evening by her now sainted father. She remembered the counsels of her good mother, now in heaven. All these memories came crowding back upon her, and under their softening influence she almost felt herself a child again.

When Mr. Lowe first became aware of the change in his children he was sorely puzzled to know what to do. He had given his consent for them to attend the Sabbath school, and should he now be offended because they had yielded to its influence? Ought he not rather to have expected this? And after all, would what they called religion make them any worse children? Though at first quite disturbed in his feelings, he finally concluded upon second thought to say nothing to them upon the subject, but to let things go on as usual.

But not so those happy young converts. They could not long hold their peace. They must tell their father also what they had experienced. Mr. Lowe heard them, but he made no attempt to ridicule their simple faith, as had been his usual course with others. They were *his* children, and none could boast of better. Still he professed to see in their present state of mind nothing but youthful feeling, excited by the peculiar circumstances of the last few weeks. But when they began in their childish ardor to exhort him also to seek the Lord, he checked their simple earnestness with a peculiar sternness which said to them, "The act must not be repeated."

The next Sabbath the father could not prevent

a feeling of loneliness as he saw his household leave for Church. The three children with their mother, and Joseph, the hired boy, to drive and take care of the horse, all packed into the old commodious carriage and started off. Never before had he such peculiar feelings as when he watched them slowly descending the hill.

To dissipate these emotions he took a dish of salt and started up the hill to a "mountain pasture," where his young cattle were inclosed for the season. It was a beautiful day in October, that queen month of the year. A soft melancholy breathed in the mild air of the mellow "Indian summer," and the varying hues of the surrounding forests, and the signs of decay seen upon every side, all combined to deepen the emotions which the circumstances of the morning had awakened.

His sadness increased, and as his path opened out into a bright, sunny spot far up on the steep hill-side, he seated himself upon a mossy knoll and thought. Before him lay the beautiful valley, guarded on either side by its lofty hills, and watered by its placid river. It was a lonely picture, and as his eye rested upon the village, nestling down among its now gorgeous shade-trees and scarlet shrubbery, he could not help thinking of that company who were then gathered in the little church, with its spire pointing heavenward, nor of asking himself the question, "Why are they there?"

While thus engaged his attention was attracted by the peculiar chirping of a ground-sparrow near by. He turned, and but a few feet from him saw a large black snake with its head raised about a foot above its body, which lay coiled upon the ground. Its jaws were distended, its forked tongue playing around its open mouth, flashing in the sunlight like a small lambent flame, while its eyes were intently fixed upon the bird. There was a clear, sparkling light about those eyes that was fearful to behold—they fairly flashed with their peculiar bending fascination. The poor sparrow was fluttering around a circle of some few feet in diameter, the circle becoming smaller at each gyration of the infatuated bird. She appeared conscious of her danger, and yet unable to break the spell that bound her. Nearer and still nearer she fluttered her little wings to those open jaws; smaller and smaller grew the circle, till at last, with a quick, convulsive cry, she fell into the mouth of the snake.

As Mr. Lowe watched the bird he became deeply interested in her fate. He started a number of times to destroy the reptile, and thus liberate the sparrow from her danger, but an unconquerable curiosity to see the end restrained him. All day long the scene just described was before

him. He could not forget it or dismiss it from his mind. The last cry of that poor little bird sinking into the jaws of death was constantly ringing in his ears, and the sadness of the morning increased.

Returning to his house he seated himself in his library and attempted to read. What could be the matter? Usually he could command his thoughts at will, but now he could think of nothing but the scene on the mountain, or the little company in the house of God. Slowly passed the hours, and many times did he find himself, in spite of his resolution not to do so, looking down the road for the head of his dapple-gray to emerge from the valley. It seemed a long time before the rumbling of the wheels was at length heard upon the bridge which crossed the mountain stream, followed in a few moments by the old carry-all creeping slowly up the hill.

The return of the family somewhat changed the course of his thoughts. They did not say any thing *to him* about the good meeting they had enjoyed, and who had been converted since the last Sabbath, but they talked it all over among themselves, and how could he help hearing? He learned all about "how good farmer Hascall talked," and "how humble and devoted Esq. Wiseman appeared," and "how happy Benjamin and Samuel were," though he *seemed* busy with his book, and pretended to take no notice of what was said.

It was, indeed, true then that the old lawyer had become pious. He had heard the news before, but did not believe it. Now he had learned it as a fact. That strong-minded man, who had been a skeptic all his days, had ridiculed and opposed religion, was now a subject of "the children's revival." What could it mean? Was there something in religion, after all? Could it be that what these poor fanatics, as he had always called them, said about the future world was correct? Was there a heaven, and a hell, and a God of justice? Were his darling children right, and was he alone wrong? Such were the thoughts of the boasted infidel as he sat there listening to the half-whispered conversation of his happy children.

Little Ella came and climbed to her long-accustomed place upon her father's knee, and throwing her arms around his neck, laid her glowing cheek, half hidden by the clustering curls, against his own. He knew by her appearance she had something to say, but did not dare to say it. To remove this fear he began to question her about her Sabbath school. He inquired after her teacher, and who were her class-mates, what she learned, etc. Gradually the shyness wore away, and the heart of the innocent, pray-

ing child came gushing forth. She told him all that had been done that day, what her teacher had said of the prayer meeting at noon, and who spoke, and how many went forward for prayers. Then folding her arms more closely around his neck and kissing him tenderly, she added,

"O, father, I do wish you had been there!"

"Why do you wish I had been there, Ella?"

"O, just to see how happy Nellie Winslow looked while her grandfather was telling us children how much he loved the Savior, and how sorry he was that he did not give his heart to his heavenly Father when he was young. Then he laid his hand on Nellie's head, who was sitting by his side, and said, 'I thank God that he ever gave me a little praying granddaughter to lead me to the Savior.' And, father, I never in all my life saw any one look so happy as Nellie did."

Mr. Lowe made no reply—how could he? Could he not see where the heart of his darling Ella was? Could he not see that by what she had told him about Esquire Wiseman and his pet Nellie, she meant *he* should understand how happy *she* should be if *her* father was a Christian? Ella had not said so in words—that was a forbidden subject—but the language of her earnest, loving look and manner was not to be mistaken; and the heart of the infidel father was deeply stirred. He kissed the rosy cheek of the lovely girl, and taking his hat left the house. He walked out into the field. He felt strangely. Before he was aware of the fact he found his infidelity leaving him, and the simple, artless religion of childhood winning its way to his heart. Try as hard as he might, he could not help believing that his little Ella was a Christian. There was a reality about her simple faith and ardent love that was truly "the evidence of things not seen." What should he do? Should he yield to this influence, and be led by his children to Christ? What! Capt. Lowe, the boasted infidel, overcome by the weakness of excited childhood! The thought roused his *pride*, and, with an exclamation of impatience at his folly, he suddenly wheeled about, and retracing his steps, with altered appearance, he reentered his house.

His wife was alone, with an open Bible before her. As he entered he saw her hastily wipe away a tear. In passing her, he glanced upon the open page, and his eye caught the words, "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN!" They went like an arrow to his heart. TRUTH, said a voice within, with such fearful distinctness that he started at the fancied sound; and the influence which he had just supposed banished from his heart returned with a tenfold power. The strong man trembled. Leaving the sitting-room, he ascended the stairs leading to his chamber. Passing Sarah's room,

a voice attracted his attention. It was the voice of prayer. He heard his own name pronounced, and paused to listen.

"O, Lord, save my dear father! Lead him to the Savior. Let him see that he *must be born again*. O, let not the *serpent charm him*! Save, O save my dear father!"

He could listen no longer. "*Let not the serpent charm him!*" And was he then like that helpless little bird, who, fluttering around the head of the serpent, fell at last into the jaws of death? The thought shot a wild torrent of newly-awakened terror through his throbbing heart.

Hastening to his chamber he threw himself into a chair. He started! The voice of prayer again fell upon his ear. He listened. Yes, it was the clear, sweet accents of his little pet. Ella was praying—*was praying for him!*

"O, Lord, bless my dear father. Make him a Christian, and may he and dear mother be prepared for heaven!"

Deeply moved, the father left the house and hastened to the barn. He would fain escape from those words of piercing power. They were like daggers in his heart. He entered the barn. Again he hears a voice. It comes stealing down from the hay-loft, in the rich silvery tones of his own noble boy. John had climbed up the ladder, and kneeling down upon the hay *was praying for his father!*

"O, Lord, save my father!"

It was too much for the poor convicted man, and, rushing to the house, he fell, sobbing, upon his knees by the side of his wife, and cried,

"O, Mary, I am a poor lost sinner! Our children are going to heaven, and I—I—*am going down to hell!* O, wife, is there mercy for a wretch like me?"

Poor Mrs. Lowe was completely overcome. She wept for joy. That her husband would ever be her companion in the way of holiness she had never dared to hope. Yes, there was mercy for even them. "Come unto me and find rest." Christ had said it, and her heart told her it was true. Together they would go to this loving Savior, and their little ones should show them the way.

The children were called in. They came from their places of prayer when they had lifted up their hearts to that God who had said, "*Whosoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you.*" They had asked the Spirit's influence upon the hearts of their parents, and it had been granted. They gathered around their weeping, broken-hearted father and penitent mother, and pointed them to the cross of Jesus. Long and earnestly they prayed, and wept, and agonized. With undoubting trust in the promises

they waited at the mercy-seat, and their prayers were heard. Faith conquered. The Spirit came and touched those penitent hearts with the finger of love, and then sorrow was turned to joy—their night, dark, and cheerless, and gloomy, was changed to a blessed day.

They arose from their knees, and Ella sprang to the arms of her father, and together they rejoiced in God.

### INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

BY MARY B. JANES.

I SIT thoughtfully at even-tide by an open window. The golden clouds of a sunset sky are reflected in the lake's clear mirror. The wind floats in, bearing the sound of tinkling waters, the quiet chirp of weary birds and insects, and the busy hum of life from the distant wharf. Just then, one of the home-circle comes gliding to the piano, and begins a plaintive air. The Spirit of the Past waves her wand, and there come before me forms and faces of the "long ago," not as when they flitted gayly through these halls, but pale, slow, and mournful—save one—a tiny, graceful darling. My fingers are twining in his golden hair, the dark, lustrous eyes are looking into mine with soul-full gladness, and his voice sweeter than music is in my ear. The spell is broken. My head is bowed; a heavy sadness sits upon my heart, for even he has cold hands folded on an icy breast; the silken lashes shade those eyes radiant no more with life, and the sunny hair is dead around those fair temples. The air is changed—"I would not live away" comes with a sister's gentle touch upon the keys. Looking upward, a rosy cloud seems opening in the western sky, and an angel form, perfect in loveliness, smiles sweetly upon me. Then quickly do I know that in the "islands of the blessed" the lost one is waiting for me.

As the beautiful hymn advances, heavenly beings seem to fan me with their wings and beckon me to the golden shore, where a host in white robes are "harping with their harps." The beautiful vision vanishes as the sweet sounds die away, and with a refreshed spirit I thank God for music.

I stand within a lofty cathedral, listening to the voice of many singers, and the grand accompaniment of a deep-toned organ. They chant softly an anthem. Now there is upon me an exquisite sensation of great joy. There seems for me no more care, no more grief—the melody has charmed them all away—lulled to perfect repose, I would rest here forever! Uncalled, the tears are fast coming, for of such bliss there must be an overflow. Hark! they strike into a triumph-

ant chorus. Now, indeed, the soul rests not in serene repose. She rises steadily and strongly, and, borne far above the earthly, seems fast approaching the presence of her God. Higher and still higher she ascends, regarding nothing in her flight, impelled onward by a wondrous power. Glad of my being, and thrilled with ecstasy, I praise Him before whom my soul bends in adoration:

"O sing unto the Lord a new song,  
Sing unto the Lord all the earth,  
For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised!  
He is to be feared above all gods:  
Honor and majesty are before him;  
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary."

The psalm ceases—a remembrance of joy unutterable is upon me; and, mingling with the hushed crowd, I almost believe that a chalice of nectar has been presented to my lips, quaffing which my soul has strangely reveled; and again do I bless God for music!

### REFINEMENT OF FEELING.

BY ANNA M. HUNTLEY.

THAT tender and unselfish regard which is felt for the well-being and happiness of others is the only real foundation of true refinement of feeling. He whose wishes and desires are bounded by the narrow limits of self-gratification destroys the finest sensibilities of his nature, and renders himself unfit for the pure and ennobling practices which flow almost spontaneously from minds more spiritually developed. There may be, and undoubtedly are, constitutional differences in the organization of individuals. Some are more delicately formed and seem naturally to possess a rich soil wherein the soft and endearing affections readily take root and germinate. Such, when molded by the genial influences of religion, exhibit in their outward demeanor much of that beautiful harmony which has been inspired and nourished in the soul. Having been taught lessons of forbearance, meekness, and gentleness, they are prepared to enter into the feelings of others with an unobtrusive delicacy, sharing in their joys and sympathizing in their sorrows.

It is the outgushing of loving hearts that meets the wants of our nature and makes an expression of feeling so desirable. Fashionable culture alone may produce an outside polish, befitting the ball-room or theater, but is sadly deficient in the little courtesies of life, especially in the family group, that dearest of all associations. Who has not seen the blighting effects of that system, which, while it educates physically, neglects to

cultivate the affections! But let the holy principles of Christianity be inculcated, and the heart touched by the renewing Spirit of God, and genuine refinement of feeling will flow out, as refreshing and fertilizing as showers on thirsty lands. Well would it be for society generally if they fully appreciated the value of cultivating this noble science, and were as ambitious to study and practice its sacred teachings as they are those of a more showy character. A loving heart and an easy address wins its way to the esteem and confidence of those worthy of its friendship. It possesses a beauty that will not fade in life's autumn, but will blush amid its gathered treasures as something to cheer the winter of age, and will continue to bloom in perennial freshness in the Eden of love forever.

In all ages beauty has been honored and praised by countless admirers, and often, perhaps, when ill deserving of the homage it received. Few have sought it where nature has denied the outward charm. To the many, beautiful actions are lightly esteemed if performed by those who wear a homely garb. It matters not though their minds are enriched and adorned with spiritual graces; though in an unostentatious manner they linger around the sick-bed, like ministering angels, to alleviate and bless; or though they quietly become heaven's benedictions to the poor, they may still "blush unseen," except to those who have eyes to discern their excellence. Yet, wherever true refinement dwells in the soul, it will speak through the eye, and throb with the heart's warmest pulsations. Its language wells up from a truthful fountain within, and is ever chaste and beautiful.

We have all seen some examples of the manifestation of true refinement of feeling worthy to be recorded. Such a character is fresh in my memory, and I shall endeavor to delineate it, so that others may be incited, not only to admire, but to imitate.

There was among the dwellings of the lowly a cottage where quiet reigned, and genial sentiments, like the sunshine, blest its humble occupants. A daughter and an aged mother had for years trained the vines and nurtured the earliest flowers that adorned its exterior; while within they had nourished a lovely house plant, of inestimable value—the precious germ of kindness; and now its blossoms emitted a fragrance as exhilarating to the decrepit form of age as it was to the gentle and loving daughter. It was refreshing to see how easily each could forego her own wishes in order to bestow attentions upon the other; and how readily they anticipated and provided for aught which might minister to each other's happiness. The self-sacrificing daughter

thought only of honoring with her wealth of affection her dearest earthly friend, and the mother feared lest the daughter should be overburdened with the attentions she so lavishly bestowed. Often when permitted to visit their humble abode has my heart been made better by breathing the atmosphere of love, and witnessing the reciprocity of kindly feelings ever exhibited by those so nearly allied by nature, and doubly endeared by sanctified affliction.

It is gratifying to know that we may all obtain and cultivate this tender plant till it shall not only put forth buds of promise, but rich blossoms, to shed a genial influence upon those with whom we associate. Society, invigorated and purified by breathing its healthful atmosphere, shall be led to form a just estimate of the superior excellence of heart-culture.

#### THE REVEREND DIDYMUS EGO, M. D.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

##### CHAPTER V.

"IT is nothing but mortal sickness and remarkable cures," said a young minister's wife to a friend as they wended their way to the sewing circle. "I am sick of hearing the details of the sick-room, and of his operations as a surgeon. It was a positive relief to me last week when old Jonas Ballou interrupted him with a description of his method of cutting up and salting a hog." "Well, we can't help it. We must bear it patiently."

"Patiently! I think your looks, Mrs. Grant, usually express any thing but patience. And in my creed patience is not an idiotic grace; so, for one, I intend to ignore its existence in this case. If you will second me, there shall be subjects discussed this evening that have no connection with broken bones or colic."

"Agreed. But he will be in full blast before we arrive. There is no chance if he begins first. It is a pity that you were detained by that poor woman, for I really believe, Mrs. Elliot, that you would out-general him on a fair field."

"I will do it now. Pray do n't laugh at me. I will interrupt him as he does us. I will talk in concert with him, if no other way will do. I will break up his monopoly of our talking rights, if I make him angry in downright earnest. Hark!"

The friends had reached the vestry door, where the society held their meetings. They exchanged intelligent glances, and both laughed as they recognized the nasal utterance of Dr. Ego. He was reading aloud.

"Already intrenched," said Mrs. Grant, "and fortified against a siege."

"Hush! They will hear us. Let us enter with becoming gravity."

Dr. Ego laid down his book as the ladies entered. "You see, my dear Mrs. Elliot," he said, "that I forget none of our rules. It was voted at our last meeting that an hour of our time should be spent in listening to the reading of some valuable work, and I have brought in a treatise on Anatomy for that purpose. If you please, I will go on with it."

"Excuse me, sir. I was requested, you will recollect, to select the book for this occasion. Netty Lane, you are a fine reader, and it will give us all pleasure if you will read to us."

Mrs. Elliot was the president of the society; and little Netty Lane, in her reverence for the minister's lady, did not dream of offering any opposition to her wishes. So she readily came forward and took the book, and the ladies, with a look of gratitude to Mrs. Elliot, turned with alacrity to listen to Lieutenant Lynch's account of his visit to the Dead Sea. Not a whisper interrupted the reading, and nothing but the clipping of scissors, the snapping of sewing silk or thread, was heard, save the sweet voice of the young reader, till the allotted hour had expired.

"A very interesting account," said Dr. Ego, speaking before the book was fairly closed, "and it treats of an interesting part of the world. To be sure there is not so full a description of the inhabitants of those regions as we could desire, but if you please, ladies, I will add the necessary information to this fine narrative. We will begin with what is of vital importance to any people; namely, the diseases to which those nations are subject. Now, in the first place, we must take into consideration—"

"Mrs. Clarke," said Mrs. Elliot, in a loud, clear voice, "will you oblige me by matching this striped gingham. You are a genius in such matters."

"That in form, as well as color," pursued the Doctor, "the orientals—"

"Look, Mrs. Grant!" exclaimed Mrs. Elliot. "Do come here, ladies."

All crowded hastily around the table where she stood, each one, with the quick perception of her sex, beginning to understand the reason of these frequent interruptions, and to enjoy them. It was only a bit of ordinary embroidery on a baby-sleeve that the lady exhibited, but its pattern and finish elicited a long discussion.

Mrs. Grant purposely opposed her friend, and refused to see either beauty or fitness in the article examined. It was a long time before either lady would give up the contest of words, and a full half hour elapsed before quietude took the place of the apparent confusion. Then an old

lady, who had been knitting and taking snuff, unmindful of the discord, inquired if Dr. Ego attended little Johnny Loud, who had broken his leg.

"I was in to see him this morning," he replied, evading her question.

"Well, Doctor, how is the boy?"

"It's a bad case, ma'am. A very bad case."

"Why, you do n't think he'll die, do you?"

"Perhaps not. He has youth on his side. But he will lose the limb. It was not properly set at first."

"Who set it?"

"Old Dr. B. I was out of town unfortunately, and no doubt the old Doctor did the best he could. Surgery is too little understood by the old school, and I fear that many operations are performed at a venture. Now I have been told that Dr. B. once actually set a woman's leg the wrong side before, and that she has been obliged to use it so ever since. It is a great pity, ma'am, because an old doctor can not afford to lose his reputation for skill. I fear that Dr. B. will find it difficult now to compete with younger and better educated surgeons."

"I can relieve your fears in regard to him," said Mrs. Grant. "Dr. B.'s surgical abilities are too well known to be doubted. And it seems to me that it must have been a miracle of skill that enabled the poor woman to walk in two opposite directions at the same time."

A chorus of laughter repaid Mrs. Grant for her little attempt at sharp-shooting; but Dr. Ego did not join in it. Turning to his first questioner, he continued: "The little Loud boy, ma'am, is in a critical state. The injury was a simple fracture at first, but it has become inflamed by improper dressings, and will, doubtless, mortify. I will explain to you all the nature of the injury and the proper treatment of such a case."

"O please do n't," almost screamed a young lady. "I had the horrors all night after our last meeting. I dreamed of skeletons and small-pox, and was really ill the next day. I am too nervous to hear such things."

"You remind me," said the Doctor, giving up reluctantly his promised explanation, "you remind me, Miss Caroline, of my wife's cousin Phebe. She staid with us during the cholera season, and I could hardly give Mrs. Ego a description of a patient, but Phebe would be directly attacked with corresponding symptoms. Speaking of cholera, I had one case that was almost too much for my skill. When I first saw the patient I thought it a hopeless case. He was in the last stage of the fatal malady. But we physicians never despair while there is life, and I began at once to take the proper measures to restore him."

I will tell you, Miss Caroline, just how he was taken. On Monday—let me think—yes, it was on Monday——”

A loud rap on the table, Mrs. Elliot's signal for silence, made him pause. “Several of our young ladies,” she said, “have volunteered to give us some music, which I am sure will be agreeable to all. Mrs. Grant, your place is at the melodeon.”

A small melodeon had been purchased by the society to relieve the tedium of their meetings, and Mrs. Grant readily took her seat before the instrument.

“Now, if you please,” continued Mrs. Elliot, as she saw the Doctor opening his mouth to proceed with his story, “we will not annoy our kind musicians by the too common incivility of talking while they are endeavoring to give us pleasure.”

The singing lasted a long time. The gentlemen, who usually came to tea, began to drop in one by one as the daylight faded, but many of them were singers, and their coming only added length as well as strength to the musical treat. Only once did they pause, and then it was to decide which of several pieces, solicited by the company, should be first sung. Dr. Ego hastily availed himself of the short breathing spell. “Have you seen the ‘Daily News’ for to-day, Mr. Peyton?” he asked.

“No, sir. The mail has not arrived.”

“Yesterday's paper had a sad account of a murder, a poisoning case.”

“I did not notice it.”

“Strange how common such cases have become. When I commenced my practice, not one physician in a hundred was called to prescribe for a case of real poisoning. Many of the antidotes now in use were unknown, except to a few fortunate ones. I was called once to visit a woman who had been on bad terms with her husband for some months, and who was taken ill very suddenly. The moment I saw her I suspected the truth.”

“Did she die?” asked several voices.

“No, indeed. She must have died though if they had called in an inexperienced doctor. It was as much as I could do to save her. Her husband may thank me that he escaped a halter. The way I treated her case was this: I——”

“Excuse me for interrupting you, Dr. Ego,” said Mrs. Elliot, “but our tea is ready, and some of the ladies wish to go home early. Will you oblige us by taking a seat at the table?”

Mrs. Elliot felt sure now that the known voracity of the Doctor would effectually silence his tongue for a season. She drew a long sigh of relief, and abandoned herself to the enjoyment of social intercourse. Her husband was absent,

attending the college commencement of Brown University, and she anticipated the grave looks with which he would strive to hide his relish of her description of the afternoon's warfare. “I am glad he was not here,” she said to herself. “With his exquisite sense of what is due to courtesy, he would suffer tortures rather than meet Dr. Ego on his own ground. ‘Ah! Mary,’ he will say to me, ‘how could you be so impolite?’ But he will like it in his heart, I am sure. There! my Doctor has finished his supper at last. He has kept us waiting only ten minutes. See, Mrs. Grant,” she said, as that lady approached, “our ogre has picked his teeth with his penknife, and sucked the knife as usual, a sure prelude to an avalanche of discourse. What shall I do?”

“As Mr. Elliot is absent, why do n't you dismiss the society from the table? Let the girls attend to the dishes and room, and you and I will go to the Lyceum.”

“A capital plan, Mrs. Grant; I will do so.”

There was quite a bustle attendant upon the breaking up of the party. Some were searching for stray shawls and overshoes, and some just then remembered various messages to different individuals with which they had been especially charged, and hurried hither and thither on their various errands, in every stage of confusion.

“Look at poor Mr. Peyton, Mrs. Elliot,” said Mrs. Grant, as they left the vestry together. “He is an old man, but it seems that age is no security.”

The poor old man stood on the sidewalk, looking longingly in the direction of his home, but tightly held by the button-hole, and listening perforce to one of Dr. Ego's wonderful cures.

“Mr. Peyton,” said Mrs. Elliot, “are you going directly home? I want to send a message by you to Louisa.”

“I shall be happy to oblige you, ma'am.”

“Just a moment, Mr. Peyton, if you please,” said Dr. Ego, still holding him tightly; “I was saying that the difference between a chronic and——”

“I am obliged to hurry, Mr. Peyton, and think, on the whole, that I will run in a moment and see Louisa, if you will go with me. I am not used to the turnings and corners of your street, you know. Come, Dr. Ego will be willing to excuse you when a lady requires your services.”

So saying, she hurried him away, leaving Dr. Ego standing alone on the sidewalk.

“I wonder whether those ladies are friendly to me or not,” he mused as he stood watching them. “I congratulated myself on having a fair field this afternoon. I knew that Mr. Elliot and the old doctor were both out of town, and that no one would be present who could begin to compete

with me in conversational powers. But somehow I have a feeling as if I had been overreached; as if I had been outwitted. What with the work, and the music, and the quarreling of those two ladies, the time has been nearly lost to me. But I gave the old doctor a hit, if I did nothing else. There were some present who did not laugh at Mrs. Grant's impudent speech. And all that he loses I gain."

## CHAPTER VI.

It was with unfeigned delight that the Rev. Didymus Ego, M. D., accepted a call to act with the other professional men of the village, as a visiting school committee. It is a question whether the people "away out west" know what constitutes the duty of such a committee in many of our New England towns. "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise;" and yet the writer of this veracious sketch has a great desire to enlighten the world on this very matter.

In the first place, the committee are expected to overhaul those presuming persons who imagine themselves qualified to teach school, and to lower them a peg or two in their own estimation. For this purpose they are taken to some by-place, secure from interruption, where the chairman of the committee, acting as judge, and the rest as a jury, the trial commences. Diving deep into various books unknown to either party, there are questions asked and answers elicited that astonish the whole company. For hours this intelligent catechising goes on till the most conscientious of the committee is perfectly satisfied, and also till the most learned of the young aspirants is utterly confounded. Yet, in credit to the good nature of both judge and jury, it must be conceded that when the season of mystification is fairly over, they are usually ready to bestow upon each of the would-be pedagogues the paper credentials authorizing him to teach.

The teachers being disposed of, it next becomes the duty of the committee to aggravate the parents of the district scholars to the greatest possible extent, by forbidding the use of the textbooks that were introduced during the last quarter, and insisting on the purchase of new ones. The first, having just been procured at great expense and inconvenience by many of the parents, and being uninjured, do seem to those old fogies to be just as good as new. For a few days the district is in a state of rebellion, but the committee do not flinch. The teacher is forbidden to use any book save those now recommended; and, as the idea of rearing their children without the advantages of a school education is not to be thought of, the innovation is at last submitted to, other necessary family expenses are retrenched

in order to buy the new books, and peace is restored to the district till the beginning of the next term renews the grievance.

All these duties seemed to be a sort of second nature to Dr. Ego. Viewed in a medical light, in their true aspect as chronic plagues, the committee were useful as counter-irritants in quieting the inflammatory dispositions and obstinate wills of the district. But the especial glory of the Doctor was in visiting the schools, and, for a dollar a visit, confounding the pupils and discouraging the teacher. No gentleman of the committee was so faithful in this respect to the interests of education.

It was his custom at every visit to propound some question to a particular class, to be answered at his next coming. Sometimes the whole school were allowed to exercise their wits in the discovery of the right answer.

On one occasion he promised a reward to a class of six little boys, about four years of age, if they would learn from their parents the signification of M. D.

There was a class of young men in the school who occupied a corner by themselves, and whose studies were not connected with the rest. One of these, a droll, waggish fellow, no sooner heard the prize offered, than he began to turn over in his own mind a plan to prevent those innocent children from becoming the Doctor's walking advertisements. During the school recess he was seen in a remote corner of the playground, with the six little boys grouped around him, each with his hands full of nuts and candy, and with his eyes fixed on the serious face of the young man.

"What are you up to now, Ned?" asked one of his class-mates, approaching them curiously.

"I? O, I'm treating these younkens. You see I hav'n't forgotten the days when I loved the goodies."

"Those days were quite recent, Ned, if we can judge by the usual stuffed condition of your pockets. But you have some scheme afoot now. What is it? Say, Benny, what has he been telling you?"

Benny did not speak, but drew his lips together as if afraid he should. "They are sworn to secrecy. You see," said Ned, gravely, "I am helping them to get the prize."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Look here, little boys. Attention all! Come here again to-morrow, and we'll go over the lesson till you can say it. But mind, now, do n't ask your parents. I'll be a father to every one of you till you get the prize, and if the Doctor backs out, I'll buy you something handsome."

Each day, till the day of the Doctor's regular visit, was Ned's recess devoted to treating and

helping the little fellows; but like all genuine merit, his had the grace of diffidence, and he exacted from each of his little proteges a promise to conceal his agency in the matter.

"Let him think your parents helped you," he said.

"I do n't believe my mammy would know if I asked her," said one bright little fellow.

"Very likely. Our fathers and mothers went to school before a great many things were found out. Now, if the Doctor comes—"

"I seed him go into school just now," interrupted Benny.

"Did you? Well, then, remember that when he calls your class and puts the question, you must n't wait for him to speak to each of you, but Benny must speak first, then Tom, and so on through the class, without waiting a minute. My! won't he say you're the smartest boys in school?"

Cheered by their young teacher's manifest delight in their performance, the little boys hurried in at the sound of the bell, impatient to display their knowledge. An opportunity was soon given them, for only two classes in geography recited before Dr. Ego called them forward. They obeyed, with sparkling smiles and radiant eyes, stealing sly glances of anticipated triumph at Ned, who was too much absorbed in a difficult problem to notice them.

"Now, my fine fellows," said the Doctor, smiling encouragingly, "I judge from your looks that you have not forgotten to learn the meaning of the abbreviation I gave you."

"No, sir," eagerly answered Benny; "we knows them all."

"You all know it, you mean. Well, my boy, you can answer first, and then the next, unless your teacher has accustomed you to answer in concert. How is it, Mr. Morton?"

The teacher colored and hesitated. "I hope you will excuse me, but really, sir, I have not once thought of the question you gave them."

A frown contracted the Doctor's forehead, but a glance at the happy expectant little faces before him relieved him. "I am glad," he said, in his loftiest manner, "that their parents were more thoughtful than their teacher. Listen, children. What do the letters M. D. signify?"

"Much Dirt," said Benny.

"Musical Donkey," said Tom instantly.

"Mud Diluted," "Monkey Dear," "Mule Doctor," "Mighty Dromedary," repeated the rest in quick succession, each response being given in a louder tone than its predecessor. It would be quite useless to attempt to depict the Doctor's looks as he listened to the ready answers of the children. The teacher and the older pupils burst into hysterical laughter. Ned had dropped his

pencil, and was searching for it on the floor under his desk, but his face was as grave as the Doctor's when he arose. The children who were too young to understand the cause of the merriment joined loudly in the laughter, and the six little boys who had acquitted themselves so handsomely chuckled outright at what they took for the spontaneous applause of the whole school.

"Silence!" commanded the Doctor, in a voice of thunder. At a loss how to vent his angry embarrassment, he turned to the teacher. "This is a pretty proof of your ability to teach, sir. It will be remembered."

"Believe me, sir," said the teacher respectfully, "I knew nothing of this."

"A likely story. It will be remembered, sir."

Mr. Morton strove hard to speak with his usual seriousness, as he tried to justify himself. "It was really as unexpected to me as to yourself. I am very sorry."

"You look sorry," said the exasperated Doctor, as he saw the rebellious smiles still playing about the teacher's mouth. "It will be remembered, sir."

"Please to question the little boys. You will find I had nothing to do with it."

"I shall do no such thing," said the visitor, angrily drawing on his gloves and taking his hat to leave.

"Benny," said Mr. Morton, "did I teach you to answer the Doctor's question?"

"No, sir."

"Who did?"

"We promised not to tell, because—"

"Because what?" roared the Doctor, as the boy hesitated. "Speak, you young rascal."

"Because," said Benny, "he was afraid you'd hire him for a teacher if you found out how much he knew."

Smothered laughter in all directions now threatened another outbreak.

"You'll get no prizes," said the Doctor, shortly. He held up six little paper-covered picture books.

"Please, sir," said little Benny, boldly, "he's got some for us, bigger than them, and full of pictures."

"Be silent, boy. How dare you answer back? Mr. Morton, I recommend a little attention to the manners of your pupils. I shall leave this school to be visited by the other gentlemen of the committee. If the children make less progress, it will be no fault of mine. Good day."

Hiding his annoyance under a look of pompous dignity, he bowed himself out, only regaining his complacency on receiving an unusually low and respectful bow from Ned, who opened the door for him. "The only well-behaved lad in the school," he said to himself as he walked away.

It was a long time before any thing like order was restored to the school. The restrained mirth burst forth before the visitor was fairly out of sight, and now Ned joined in it heartily. The sly looks of his companions and the occasional glances of the teacher toward his desk showed that his agency in the matter was suspected, but no reproving eyes were turned upon him. The scene had been too thoroughly enjoyed to admit of censure.

## CHAPTER VII.

An unusually large crowd filled the Lycæum Hall on the evening appointed for Dr. Ego's lecture. There may have been various reasons for the gathering of so large an audience, but from the whisperings and smothered laughter, that, for half an hour previous to the lecturer's appearance, filled the apartment, it may be inferred that a love of fun had its share in drawing the people together.

A sudden hush fell upon the entire assembly, however, as the Doctor entered by a side door and very slowly walked to the speaker's platform. Although it was a warm evening, he wore a long, loose cloak, which added much to the imposing dignity of his appearance. With becoming deliberation he sat down, and for ten or fifteen minutes surveyed the audience with the indifferent air that distinguishes the accustomed speaker.

At last he signified to the President his readiness to begin, and was by him introduced in due form to his hearers. His theme was Progression. It was evident, before he had finished his introductory remarks, that if his lecture were not the crowning effort of the season, it was not because of any paucity in the English language. Middle-aged men and women opened their mouths in unfeigned astonishment as unintelligible adjectives and nouns fell upon their ears, and a young man who was studying law left the hall in despair, only venturing to return after securing a copy of Webster's Unabridged.

Mischievous boys, gathering courage from the expressive countenances of their seniors, mimicked his pompous manner and familiar smile, and cheered with enthusiasm whenever an unusually heavy word was uttered. A stranger would have supposed, from the interest they manifested, that the entire youth of the village were embryo Ciceros.

It was a long lecture, lasting nearly two hours, and wearying the patience of the "oldest inhabitant." But at last, when the most long-suffering persons in the hall were contemplating the propriety of "going out during meeting," the Doctor announced the peroration, and each one settled himself hopefully to endure the final effort.

"In conclusion," remarked the orator, "let me refer to the different humanitarian institutions of the day. I am not speaking incogitantly when I affirm that these are the legitimate fruits of Progression. It has always been held as an inconceivable argument that Progression includes civilized benevolence. In vain may the proud opposer strive to infuscate the subject; it gleams in defiance of his efforts. Look at the Bible cause! Is there one in this audience whose heart has not been fringed with the plumes of this fair bird of paradise? Behold the tract enterprise, scattering its leaves of truth throughout the world! Like a molting angel it flies through mid-heaven, shedding its feathers upon the nations. Ah, my dear hearers, it is such Progression that levigates the rough edges of our carnal nature and transforms us into profound mystery-arcs. I might mention our lunatic asylums; palatial homes, where the intellect may recover from its painful aberrations—homes sacred to superior minds alone. To such a home does your speaker often look forward with painful emotions, with natural dread. Turn we from the thrilling picture to our institutions of learning. There the human mind, after long wandering in the mazes of ignorance, is at last reintegrated. Years ago, a boy, distinguished even then for precocious-genius, entered the classic halls of a distant University. I was about to give you a practical illustration of the benefits of education even in such a case, but you might consider me egotistical. Modesty forbids that I should dwell upon his progress in ancient and modern lore. Of his merits as a profound metaphysician and orator you may well judge for yourselves, for he stands before you.

"I need not ask that this subject may fall with due ponderosity upon every heart. Let the weak and timid take courage. Let the strong increase in strength. Let Progression be our watchword, till this Lyceum, the germ of whose progress has been so anxiously watched by your speaker, shall become the encyclopedia of the universe."

## THE SECRET OF WESLEY'S SUCCESS.

"I LIVE," said John Wesley, "for eternity; I steer for the headlands beyond, and expect my reward not here, but in heaven." This solid conviction of a future state was the great secret of the success of John Wesley. What to other men was a dim, distant cloudland, to him was an intense reality. He walked every moment consciously on its verge, and when he preached it was with the feeling that, at any instant, he might be called to his last account.

## THE MIST OVER THE VALLEY.

BY M. B. STEWART.

THE mist lies over the valley  
 Like a white pall over the dead;  
 The hush of silence broods 'round us,  
 And the Earth seems waiting with dread  
 While we stand upon the mountain,  
 As another new day is born,  
 And Aurora's rosy fingers  
 Swing open the portals of morn.  
 In car of triumphal splendor  
 The Day-God rides over the sky,  
 Gilding the east with the glory,  
 While the frightened shadows fly  
 At the shower of shining arrows  
 He casts from his chariot down,  
 And slowly the gray mist rises,  
 Unveiling the river and town;  
 The sunshine over the valley  
 Like a robe of glory lies,  
 While the noise and hum of the city  
 With the mist to the hill-tops rise,  
 A wondrous change from the stillness  
 And the calm of the shrouding mist  
 To the city's hum and bustle  
 And the valley by sunlight kissed;  
 To the sheen of the gleaming river  
 And the fair, green meadows beyond,  
 On which we gaze with a longing,  
 Intermingled with memories fond.  
 The mist lies over the valley,  
 O'er life's hidden, mysterious way,  
 Sadly we look through the darkness  
 For the dawn of the coming day.  
 We hear the gush of gay laughter,  
 We envy each lot but our own;  
 We see no ghost at their festal,  
 We note their sorrowing moan;  
 Looking back with unclouded vision  
 God's goodness to us will be shown;  
 No mysteries sad will o'ershadow;  
 In Heaven we shall know and be known.

## "IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

BY REV. F. A. CRAFTS.

LIFE hath its days of darkness  
 When thick the storm-clouds lower;  
 When waves dash fiercely round thee  
 And threaten to devour:  
 But still thou need'st not falter,  
 There's One forever nigh,  
 Who speaks above the tempest:  
 "Fear not, for it is I!"  
 He walks the waves beside thee,  
 No storm can drive him thence;  
 He bids the waters bear thee;  
 His arm is thy defense.  
 His face shines on the billows:  
 Let all thy terror fly,  
 Follow the way illumined;  
 He beckons: "it is I!"

## TO THE SUMMER RAIN.

BY REBECCA LAUCK.

SUMMER rain, I love thee well:  
 O'er my heart a shadowy spell  
 Stealeth like the moonlight pale  
 To my musings keeping time  
 Like the quaint and curious rhyme  
 Of some olden fairy tale.  
 There's a strange, mysterious power  
 In thy music, gentle shower,  
 That I can not well define;  
 Something in thy silvery swell  
 Binds me with a mystic spell;  
 Links my very soul to thine;  
 For I've always thought of thee  
 As a spirit wild and free,  
 With a heart—a soul like mine.  
 When my heart feels sad and lone  
 It seems to me that there's a tone  
 Of sorrow in thy silvery sound,  
 And the drops against the pane  
 Seem to chant a sadder strain,  
 And fall more slowly to the ground.  
 When my heart feels glad and light,  
 Like a wild and joyous sprite  
 Comes thy voice against the pane,  
 And there is a world of laughter  
 In thy soft and gentle patter:  
 So I love thee, summer rain!

## CRUSHED FLOWERS.

BY ANNA M. PELTON.

HALF hid in the grass by the wayside, grew  
 Three daisy-buds with their eyes of blue,  
 Which laughed and twinkled through drops of dew.  
 "So pretty," the flattering sunbeam said;  
 "So sweet," the zephyr, as onward it sped;  
 "So charming!" the humming-bird blushed and fled.  
 And there so lowly, their pretty blue eyes  
 Peeped through the thick grass to the sunny skies,  
 Or watched their night-sisters with sweet surprise.  
 A lady, fair as a dream half forgot,  
 Thoughtfully, musingly drew near the spot;  
 She trod on the flowers—but knew it not.  
 Soft fell the dewdrops, and softly the rain;  
 Bright fell the sunshine—it fell but in vain;  
 They never in beauty blossomed again.  
 Full many flowers that timidly peep  
 From hiding-places on life's rugged steep  
 Are trampled and crushed 'neath careless feet.  
 Scorn passes the fairest flowers among;  
 Pride treads on the poor and the lowly one;  
 And Scandal seeks out the wretched, undone.  
 There's one of fair speech, and most winning eye,  
 Looks out for the pure, the lovely; O! why  
 Stamp them so rudely, and leave them to die!  
 Soft fall the dewdrops, and softly the rain;  
 Bright falls the sunshine—it falls but in vain.  
 They die; but we know they shall blossom again.

"FROM POOR-HOUSE TO PULPIT."\*

BY REV. JOHN F. MARLAY.

IN the old town of Plymouth, England, on December 4, 1804, John Kitto was born. His father was not only a poor man, but was also addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks. The temperance cause, which even now makes little headway in the mother country, had no recognition at all at the period of which we write, and ale-houses abounded in every village. John's father visited these resorts of the idle poor, till he became a confirmed drunkard, and reduced his family to the lowest condition of abject penury. John was deeply mortified, not only on account of his father's degradation, but because many of his ancestors were victims of the same vice.

From the bad influences of a wretched home, he was taken at four years of age to reside in the family of his grandmother Picken—a kind, affectionate old lady, in humble circumstances, who regarded her little charge with a peculiar affection. John was almost constantly by the side of the affectionate old lady, making patchwork and listening to her quaint stories of witches and wizards. Though he seemed to care very little for the amusements of boys in the streets, his grandmother saw the necessity of exercise, fresh air, and sunshine, for the promotion of the boy's physical health, and accordingly she often rambled with him in the green fields, collecting flowers, nuts, and other wild fruits. By such means his love for the beautiful in nature was cultivated at the same time that bodily strength was acquired.

About this period John was in the habit of visiting very frequently a merry shoemaker, who lived near his grandmother's dwelling, who was a great story-teller, and could whistle almost any tune with a skill that astonished the neighbors. He was a good-natured man, fond of children, and related to his juvenile friends the marvelous stories of Blue Beard, Jack the Giant-Killer, Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, and many others of similar character. These stories, though not of a high moral tone, excited a strong desire in the mind of John to possess books of his own and read for himself. Accordingly he hoarded his pennies with a miser's care and soon accumulated a little library.

In his search for books one day, through his grandmother's shelves, he found a family Bible,

a Prayer-Book, Gulliver's Travels, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The last two he read with an absorbing interest and delight. Being illustrated volumes, he was greatly pleased with the engravings which they contained, but proceeded to make what he considered an improvement upon the work of the artist, by coloring them with his grandmother's indigo, using a feather for a brush. His artistical ingenuity reminds us of that displayed by Benjamin West, who, at about the same age, made a brush out of the tip of the old cat's tail. Some friend who saw John's embellishments of the "Pilgrim," in order to encourage his youthful genius, presented him with a cheap box of water-colors. He now divided his time between reading and painting, becoming every day less disposed to join in the sports of his young companions, and more desirous of obtaining useful information.

He did not, by any means, overlook the old family Bible. It contained also a great many engravings, illustrative of sacred scenes, and these John studied carefully, with so much of the text as explained them, acquiring thus a considerable amount of historical knowledge. When his grandmother was unable to attend Church, he was obliged to read a few chapters to her; and the manner in which he performed this duty shows how closely he must have observed the services at Church. He would construct an *extempore* pulpit with chairs and cushions, and proceed to read, as nearly as he could, in the voice, manner, and attitude of Dr. Hawker, the preacher to whom he was accustomed to listen; and it is said that his imitations were somewhat striking. This did not please his good old grandmother, however, who thought his mimicry little better than profanation. But she could not reason him out of it; he would read like Dr. Hawker, or not read at all.

When he was about ten years of age John's kind-hearted grandmother was obliged to take him back to his wretched home. An attack of paralysis having totally unfitted the old lady for housekeeping, it became necessary for her to seek a home with John's mother for herself, and of course the boy accompanied her. During the six years of absence from home he had formed habits of thought and study which might be interrupted, but could not be destroyed by his return thither. In the mean time his father's intemperate habits had been growing upon him, and his means of living becoming more and more precarious. As a journeyman mason he might have supported his family comfortably on the avails of his labor, but for that one destructive habit. He was frequently away at work in the country a whole week, and on his return

\* From Poor-House to Pulpit; or, the Triumphs of the late Dr. John Kitto, from Boyhood to Manhood. A Book for Youth. By W. M. Thayer. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co. 1859.

home would stop at an ale-house and spend his last penny for drink.

Under these circumstances the support of the family devolved upon the mother. She neglected no opportunity of earning a penny, either by day or night, in the performance of any honorable service for the families around her, while John remained at home to look after the younger children. When thus employed he did not neglect his books; they were his inseparable companions, his only difficulty being that after dark he could procure no suitable lights for the prosecution of his studies. This difficulty, however, he partially obviated by gathering sticks in the day-time to burn in the evening. Many of the pioneer Methodist preachers in the west have resorted to somewhat similar expedients in localities where oils and candles could not be had. The late eloquent Bishop Bascom did much of his reading and studying by the light of a pine-knot stuck in one corner of a huge fireplace.

When he was about eleven years old John was sent, by his father, to learn the barber's trade in order that he might be able to earn something for his own support. The barber to whose care he was subjected, is thus described by John: "Old Wigmore had practiced on board a ship-of-war, and related adventures which rivaled Baron Munchausen; had a face so sour that it sickened one to look at it, and which was, besides, all over red by drinking spiritous liquors." He did not remain long in this uncongenial place. Having been intrusted with his master's best razors, it became a part of his duty to carry them home with him every night. On one occasion he laid them down for a moment to perform a kind office for some person, and on his return found that his razors were gone—some one had stolen them. Wigmore was angry at the misfortune and summarily dismissed his young apprentice, on suspicion of being an accomplice with the thief. John was glad to get away from the barber, though the imputation upon his honesty was a source of grief to him.

He was now employed occasionally by his father in assisting at mason-work, performing the lighter duties of that hard vocation, such as carrying brick and slate. One day, as he was in the act of stepping on the roof of a house with a load of slates, his foot slipped and he was precipitated from a height of thirty-five feet on a stone pavement below. He was taken up in a state of unconsciousness, in which he continued for two weeks. One morning, about a fortnight after the accident, he opened his eyes, beheld his friends standing about his bedside, and was greatly surprised to find that he was unable to lift a limb from the bed. His first inquiry was

for a book he had borrowed just before the fall; but he received no answer.

"Why do you not speak?" he exclaimed. "Pray let me have the book!" One of the friends took up a slate, wrote an answer to his question, and handed it to him. After a moment's consideration he exclaimed again, "Why do you *write* to me? why not speak? Speak! speak!" The bystanders looked at each other in perplexity; they saw that the fearful truth could no longer be withheld. One of them took the pencil and wrote, "You are *deaf*." This announcement must have been a sad blow to the poor boy, but he bore his accumulating afflictions patiently. For four weary months he lay upon his bed of suffering; and not till eight months had passed did he begin to exhibit the strength and elasticity which characterized him before his fall.

His deafness disqualified him for the work of a mason, as well as for almost every kind of business, and he was left to follow his own inclinations. His love of books increased in consequence of being shut out from other sources of enjoyment; but as he was unable to work, his means of obtaining them were diminished. While wading one day in Sutton-pool, not far from his father's house, in the hope of finding bits of iron and other salable trifles wherewith to replenish his library, he cut his foot with a piece of glass, by which accident he was again confined to the house for several weeks. He now returned to his painting, converting the front window into a picture gallery, that passers-by might be induced to stop, examine his work, and possibly purchase. As he walked about the streets he frequently observed "signs" and "labels" which were spelled incorrectly, as for instance, "*Logins for singel men*"—and it occurred to him that labels done up in colored capitals would command a fair price. Accordingly he prepared one and carried it to a shop where he had observed a notice of "*Rooms to leet, Enquair withing*." But the crabbed-faced old lady who kept the establishment dismissed him without ceremony. Sign-painting was soon abandoned, but the picture-gallery brought in a few pennies, which were judiciously expended on such books as were most needed.

In November, 1819, John Kitto, a poor, deaf boy, was sent to the poor-house. His friends, well knowing how his sensitive nature would shrink from the restraints of such an institution, studiously kept from him a knowledge of their purpose, till he was within the walls of the pauper's home. He was overwhelmed with grief and mortification to find himself in such a place, and immediately resolved to escape as soon as possible from what he considered "*durance vile*."

But his plans for absconding were never carried out, and in a little time he became more reconciled to his lot than he had thought it possible to be. The governor of the alms-house, Mr. Roberts, a kind-hearted man, was not long in discovering that his new charge was a youth of more than ordinary intelligence, and wisely encouraged his thirst for knowledge. In the mean time, in accordance with the rules of the institution, it became necessary for John to learn a trade. He was put under the care of a shoemaker, as it was thought he would be more successful in that department of manual labor than any other, and made rapid progress, so that he was soon bound as an apprentice in that business to a man who proved to be a cruel wretch. Here young Kitto suffered greatly; was often beaten unmercifully, and was worked from sixteen to eighteen hours a day. Still he continued to redeem a portion of time from sleep for the improvement of his mind.

Finally he made known his grievances, both at home and to his friends at the poor-house. This brought about a rupture of the apprenticeship, and his return to the work-house within six months from the time he was indentured to Bowden. As Kitto was deaf, and not much inclined to oral communication, he had been required to state his case to the court in writing. This he did in such a way as to astonish and delight the whole bench. It was this circumstance, doubtless, which enlisted a great many literary gentlemen in the future welfare and promotion of Kitto. A subscription was opened for the benefit of the pauper-student, and many benevolent persons contributed liberally. Others interested in his intellectual culture gave him books, paper, and pens. About this time one of the editors of the Plymouth Weekly Journal having seen some of Kitto's composition, offered to insert an essay from his pen in his popular sheet. Soon an article on Happiness, quickly followed by two others on Home and Contemplation, appeared. These papers were read with absorbing interest by the astonished public, and people could scarcely talk of any thing else but the wonderful pauper.

Several gentlemen of distinction now associated themselves to be his future guardians. Through their efforts he was removed from the poor-house and placed in a respectable family, having access to the public library of the city. In this library were twelve thousand well-selected volumes, among which he might revel at large from morning till night. As might be supposed, Kitto now improved his golden opportunity to the best advantage. He devoted himself to reading and study with untiring zeal. Not long after he was admitted to the advantages of the public library

he wrote in his Journal: "I am seldom in bed before twelve o'clock. Resolved never to remain in it after six, if I can help it. Six hours sleep is sufficient for all the purposes of nature; but of late I have often been in bed full seven hours."

Early in his literary career Kitto was strongly impressed with two ideas, which no doubt exerted a controlling influence over his entire life. The first was that he *must make himself*; and the second, that *usefulness* ought to be the grand aim of his life. With such convictions he could scarcely fail of success.

The gentlemen who had associated themselves to look after the welfare of young Kitto, believing that physical labor was necessary to the highest improvement of their protege, made arrangements with a Mr. Groves, a dentist, and a gentleman of respectability, to receive John into his family, allowing him all his time for literary pursuits, except four or five hours a day, in which he would learn the art of dentistry. This plan Kitto entered into heartily, applying himself to the acquisition of the trade with all the zeal and energy of one who expected to make it the business of his life. In the family of Mr. Groves he was contented and happy, owing probably to the fact that he was now supporting himself by his own labor.

Some of Kitto's friends now began to entertain the idea of his becoming a missionary. And at the suggestion of Mr. Groves he was removed to the Missionary College at Islington, to learn the art of printing, as it was understood that more printers were needed at several of the stations of the Church Missionary Society. To this new plan of his friends Kitto submitted cheerfully, as he did not doubt their ability to direct him wisely in the path of life; but he found his situation rather uncongenial, since all his time was taken up with the types, leaving him little or no opportunity for reading. Still he complained not, but applied all his energies to the new business, seizing every moment of leisure time for reading and study. It was evidently the determination of Kitto to do every thing as well as he could—whether it was making a shoe, a set of teeth, setting type, or writing an essay.

On the 20th of June, 1827, Kitto sailed for Malta. He had been appointed lay missionary by the Church Missionary Society, and went out with the design of making himself useful as a printer, and of rendering such other service to the cause of Christ as he might be able. He met with many privations and hardships in this field of labor, but bore them with the fortitude of a Christian hero. He was contented and happy in the belief that he was discharging duty. Having, when he received his appointment, made

a pledge to relinquish literary pursuits, so far as they interfered with his work, he toiled patiently in the office eight and nine hours a day, and spent the rest of his time in his favorite way—reading and study. The committee of the Church Missionary Society were not pleased, it seems, with his literary toils, even though he pursued his studies during hours that were unquestionless his own: they remonstrated with him in a sharp letter of reproof, which so wounded his sensitive nature that he immediately resigned his place, and as soon as possible returned to England, having been absent not quite two years.

Almost immediately on landing on his native shore he met his old friend, Mr. Groves, in London. The latter gentleman was about to start as missionary to Bagdad. Kitto determined to accompany him, and after a brief interval spent in preparation the whole party, consisting of nine persons, took their departure for that distant and difficult field of labor. Here Kitto suffered far greater privations than at Malta. It was during his residence at Bagdad that the plague visited that city—a plague which carried off four or five thousand in a single day. He passed through this terrible scourge with calm trust in God. And after laboring about three years and a half in Bagdad, returned to England in July, 1833.

Kitto now settled at Islington and engaged in literary pursuits suited to his tastes and habits. The Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge employed him to write for the "Penny Magazine," on very liberal terms. In a short time after his return to England he prepared "Uncle Oliver's Travels in Persia," in two volumes. Soon after followed the "Pictorial Bible," which has had a very large circulation. This was followed by a "Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land," a work of rare value. Next appeared his "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," an abridged, popular edition of which is found in almost every library. "The Lost Senses," "Thoughts Among Flowers," "History of Palestine from the Patriarchal Ages," "Gallery of Scripture Engravings," "Pictorial Sunday Book," "Ancient and Modern Jerusalem," "Journal of Sacred Literature," "The Tabernacle and its Furniture," "Daily Bible Illustrations," with many other smaller works, followed each other in quick succession.

To accomplish such results required a greater degree of physical strength than Kitto possessed. His health rapidly declined. In February, 1854, he was taken suddenly ill. After several months of suffering his remarkable career was closed by a triumphant death.

Such is a brief sketch of a man whose name is a household word wherever the Bible is studied.

The well-written biography from which we gather the facts here narrated, is entitled by the gifted author, "A Book for Youth;" it is a volume well calculated to inspire young men with lofty aspirations and high motives.

## THE UNKNOWN, OR VIRTUE REWARDED.

A COLLOQUY.

—BY MARY A. HARLOW.

(CONCLUDED.)

### CHAPTER V. *Home of the Miser.*

*Timothy Liscomb.*—Gold, gold, gold! how brightly it shines! There is nothing else on earth so dear to me, nothing else so beautiful. Why should I not love it? I have bartered my soul for it. Ha, ha, ha! bartered my soul for gold. Thou hast done well, Timothy Liscomb; thou hast lost thy soul, but what a rich return! I will look once more at my treasures. I have but a crust of bread, yet I can count my wealth by thousands and tens of thousands. No matter. I will not part with any gold if I starve. I will hug it to my heart, and die with it there. *Die*—fearful word! I wish I could forget it. It is always in my mind and haunts all my dreams. I wonder if James ever thinks of death. He is as guilty as I am, if he is young, and handsome, and one whom the world calls respectable. He's the son of his father, after all. He comes to me and whines for the shining dollars which I have hoarded up. Does he think I will part with them? Never, till death comes. But I will not die! I will live here forever, and guard my treasures. What a fearful dream I had last night! Strange that *she* appeared to me again. I thought that I forgot her years ago. But I can not forget my accusing spirit. I can look at the pile of gold which I obtained from her, and that will repay me for her haunting presence. Ha, ha, ha! how it shines! It seems like ten thousand coals of fire burning into my soul. No matter, it is *mine*—mine forever. Ha, who comes? (*Enter James Liscomb.*)

*James Liscomb.*—Do n't give yourself unnecessary alarm, father. You see who your visitor is. How do you do to-day?

*Timothy Liscomb.*—James, I am almost starved.

*James Liscomb.*—Starved? a rich man starving to death? If I had dreamed of such a thing I would have brought you the remains of my own delicate dinner.

*Timothy Liscomb.*—Do not exasperate me with a recital of your extravagance. Did you come for more money to support it?

*James Liscomb.*—You are far from being

amiable, to-day, I should judge. Why should n't I come here? Does n't that trunk contain the pile of money that I fooled out of Philip Ashton's estate?

*Timothy Liscomb.*—Yes, and you ought to be thankful it is so secure.

*James Liscomb.*—Secure? You may be mistaken. I heard something to-day which alarmed me. It is said that Henry Russel has returned from Europe.

*Timothy Liscomb.*—Of what consequence is that to you?

*James Liscomb.*—If he can find me, and chooses to do so, he may give me a new home and a chance to earn my bread honestly for a term of years. I know that man's disposition. He and Ashton were like brothers, and when he learns that the children of his friend are penniless, he may be seized with the philanthropic idea that it is his duty to right their wrongs. If he should attempt it, he would go through fire and water to accomplish his purpose. Without doubt I am in danger.

*Timothy Liscomb.*—I see no danger in Russel's return. Your guilty conscience frightens you, James.

*James Liscomb.*—Conscience! I am troubled with no such visitor.

*Timothy Liscomb.*—Then tell me how to rid myself of mine.

*James Liscomb.*—A man like you talking about a guilty conscience! Use it as you would other disagreeable visitors; cut its acquaintance, and it will soon abandon you. But this is nothing to the purpose of my visit. I think of leaving town for a while.

*Timothy Liscomb.*—And lose such a chance of making money? Fool! you will ruin yourself.

*James Liscomb.*—Would it be better to remain here and meet a trial which would certainly result in imprisonment? There is money in that trunk which belongs to me, and I must have it. I will not risk my safety any longer. You see no danger; but if you knew Russel as well as I do, you would tell me to start while I have an opportunity. Unlock the trunk.

*Timothy Liscomb.*—O, I can not! Do not mention it again. I have sworn never to take a dollar from it while I live.

*James Liscomb.*—Then I shall be under the necessity of doing so myself. My own money I must have. Do not hinder me; I have no time to lose. Hark! who knocks? Can't I get out of this den? (*Enter Mr. Russel and Isabel Ashton.*)

*Mr. Russel.*—We meet again, James Liscomb. Do you recognize me?

*James Liscomb.*—If my eyes do not deceive

me you are Henry Russel. I am very happy to see you, sir.

*Mr. Russel.*—Many thanks for this flattering reception. Are you equally gratified in meeting my companion?

*James Liscomb.*—Isabel Ashton! This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. How pleasant to be remembered by absent friends!

*Mr. Russel.*—You seem to possess the peculiar faculty of rendering yourself not easily forgotten.

*James Liscomb.*—I flatter myself that I make some impression upon the minds of my friends; but I was not looking for this honor.

*Mr. Russel.*—It is useless to continue this hypocrisy longer. James Liscomb, do you understand the object of my visit? If not, look again at Isabel Ashton and let your conscience answer.

*James Liscomb.*—Really I know of no reason except a desire to renew our friendship. I lived many years in Miss Ashton's home, and became greatly attached to the family.

*Mr. Russel.*—Yes, Philip Ashton was your benefactor. He loved you as a father would love a son, and, dying, he committed all he had on earth to your care. Like Judas you have betrayed your truest friend, and I will repeat to you the words of our Savior to him, "It had been good for you if you had never been born." While I pity you in view of the misery you are about to reap as the reward of your sins, and earnestly advise you to repent and seek forgiveness of a just God, I must inform you that my mission here is to arrest you for the double crime of perjury and of robbery.

*James Liscomb.*—Indeed! who are my accusers?

*Mr. Russel.*—The orphan children of Philip Ashton. Are you satisfied?

*James Liscomb.*—And what if I am so unreasonable as to object to your design?

*Mr. Russel.*—The law admits of no objections. Sheriff! (*enter sheriff*) behold the criminal!

*Sheriff (reads).*—Whereas, Henry Russel hath complained to the honorable, the Probate Court for this district, that he hath good cause to suspect, and doth suspect, that James Liscomb, executor of the estate of Philip Ashton, deceased, hath concealed, embezzled; or conveyed away the entire estate from the lawful heirs of the same; and that for the accomplishment of this purpose, the said James Liscomb, of his own proper act and consent, did, feloniously, falsely, and knowingly, upon his oath, commit willful and corrupt perjury: therefore, by the authority of this state, the sheriff of this county is hereby commanded to arrest the said James Liscomb, and detain him till the next session of said court,

to be then and there examined in the premises, or otherwise dealt with according to law.

CHAPTER VI. *Arthur defended by Bridget Mahone.*

*Bridget Mahone.*—Indade it was a blissed day that I left the county of Cork and came to Ameriky to protect young masther Arthur. The Houly Mother watch over him! He's a lamb among hungry wolves, and if it was n't for the swate Miss Isabel he'd been devoured entirely. And sure wont Bridget Mahone watch over him with a motherly care? has n't she bewailed to the Virgin day and night when she's seen him in company with those blackguards? and has n't she stole away from her work to his room, like a thief that she is, because she heard them say they'd come and entice masther Arthur away! has n't Bridget Mahone wit enough for the likes of them? come along wid ye! an' as sure as I've a tongue in my mouth ye'll wish ye's far from this. (*Enter Mabel Burnham.*)

*Mabel.*—Bridget, what business have you here in Arthur's room?

*Bridget.*—An' sure, Miss Mabel, I did n't come in here on business.

*Mabel.*—Well, I would advise you to attend to your work.

*Bridget.*—An' could n't ye allow a poor crayther like me a minit to take brith in? If ye had the houly Catholic religion ye'd be more marcifal. (*Mabel goes out.*) Faith! is it a butterfly that Miss Mabel is, or a humblebee? Sure she can buzz and sting, but she can't get the swate honey from the flowers like Miss Isabel. Ha, they are coming afther masther Arthur. Come along wid ye! ye'll have Bridget Mahone to dale with. (*Enter Frank Stanly and Jack Hall.*)

*Frank.*—Well, Burnham is n't here, but his place seems to be well occupied.

*Jack.*—Ha, ha, ha! The Venus de Medicis, I should judge. Begging your pardon for this abrupt intrusion, can you inform us where Mr. Arthur Burnham is?

*Bridget.*—Masther Arthur Burnham is not to be found by the likes of ye.

*Jack.*—Indeed! are these your commands from headquarters?

*Bridget.*—Hidquartara, ye spalpeens! do ye think I've no authority?

*Frank.*—And, pray, what is your ladyship's name? I wish to know how to address Mr. Burnham's confident.

*Bridget.*—An' sure shall I be afraid to till, when I've niver disgraced it? It's Bridget Mahone, of the county of Cork, Ireland; an' me father is Patrick Mahone, an' me grandfather is Barney Mahone, save that he's dead, heaven

rest his soul! I may as well tell you without desate that masther Arthur do n't want to see the likes of ye any more. He kapes more dacent company.

*Frank.*—Vixen! Come along, Jack; we shall find him at "cousin Isabel's," as he calls her.

*Bridget.*—Go along wid ye! May St. Patrick forgive me, but I hope ye'll see dark days. Calling in question the word of Bridget Mahone, are ye, who has n't confessed a black sin to Father M'Shane since she came from Ireland? An' sure I'd report ye to Jimmy Donnagan if he would n't break your ugly heads and git himself hung by the unreasonable laws of Ameriky. Get along wid ye to Miss Isabel's, ye blackguards! indade ye'll not git him away from the likes of her.

CHAPTER VII. *Arthur at the home of the Ashtons. Enter Frank Stanly and Jack Hall.*

*Frank and Jack.*—How do you do to-day, Arthur?

*Arthur.*—How do you do, boys? Sit down, if you please.

*Jack.*—Where do you keep yourself now, Arthur? I have n't as much as seen you in the street for a fortnight, and you have entirely forsaken your old friends and haunts. Frank and I are beginning to be concerned about it. What do you mean?

*Arthur.*—I have n't been out much of late. To tell the truth, Jack, I am becoming tired of my old ways. I do not believe I have been carrying out the purpose for which I was created.

*Frank.*—Pshaw! what a weak excuse! The loudest ranters about duty acknowledge that we live for the express purpose of enjoying ourselves. At your age are you going to renounce the world and live in a hive? There will be time enough for steady days when you are old. At the best life has enough shadows; we should n't neglect any of its sunshine. Come, Arthur, go with us to-night to see Chrystia, the dancing-girl at the Bowery. She makes her second appearance this evening. Jack and I were there last night. You never saw a more splendid creature. She excels the brightest star of last season. Say that you will go.

*Arthur.*—I should be glad to gratify you, but I believe you must excuse me to-night.

*Jack.*—We can not, Arthur. Our motto is, "Never give up," and we shall insist upon taking you with us. Come, do n't let us take back word to the boys that you have forsaken them. I go in for an evening at the Bowery, and then an adjournment to some good place where a fellow can enjoy a cigar and a glass of champagne.

*Frank.*—Capital! Come Arthur, it is time to go. Chrystia will appear to the audience before

we get there. I would n't fail of seeing her make her appearance for the world. Where is your hat and opera-glass? It 's worth something to look at her.

*Arthur.*—Well, perhaps I 'll go to the Bowery; but remember, after that I shall immediately return home. And I should not go even there.

*Jack.*—Faltering! come, we shall lose the best part of the evening. (*They start.*)

*Isabel (entering.)*—Arthur! Arthur!

*Arthur.*—What do you wish, Isabel?

*Isabel.*—Your promise, Arthur—I claim it.

*Arthur.*—O, yes, I remember now. Wait for me at the door, boys. I did promise to spend the evening here.

*Isabel.*—Arthur Burnham, is that all you promised?

*Arthur.*—Alas, no! forgive me, Isabel. You see now how weak I am.

*Isabel.*—Poor Arthur! depending upon your own strength you find that you are nothing.

*Arthur.*—Worse than nothing! Where are all my noble resolutions? O how degraded I am! Pity me, and, if you can, forgive me once more.

*Isabel.*—Forgive you? You call me your sister. Did a brother ever commit a sin that a sister could not forgive? But you are not degraded, not past hope. O Arthur! do you not understand the reason of their success? You did not follow my advice. You did not tell the tempter to depart; that you were bound by a solemn promise to yield no more to its influence.

*Arthur.*—I feel keenly my degradation. You will say, "Try again;" but shall I do so and make another miserable failure?

*Isabel.*—No, you need not fail again. Do not despond. I did not expect you would be able at once to resist temptation. It is by repeated efforts that great victories are accomplished. But in pity say that you will make another attempt. O Arthur! there is nothing I would not sacrifice for your safety.

*Arthur.*—I do not doubt it. Angels are wont to weep over the sinful of earth. Isabel, seek an object more worthy of your tears.

*Isabel.*—And abandon you? I can not! May the day never dawn when I shall seek a nobler work than that of leading so dear a friend from ruin!

*Arthur.*—Isabel, I promise again! not in my own strength, but in the strength of Him who is able to support the feeble.

*Isabel.*—Heaven hear the vow! and, O, impart power that it may be kept inviolate!

CHAPTER VIII. *The first prediction fulfilled.*

*Mr. Russel.*—Good evening, my dear friends. I have come to congratulate you. You are no

longer penniless orphans, but the possessors of the fortune of Philip Ashton.

*Henry.*—Then we have succeeded?

*Mr. Russel.*—Beyond my expectations. How could you doubt the certainty of the result? It is true Liscomb's scheme was well devised, and without the knowledge which I possessed would not have been disputed. But he has been detected in his villainy and is about to suffer the penalty of his crimes.

*Isabel.*—Poor, unfortunate man! In vain were his brilliant talents bestowed upon him. How sad the thought that one so young, so capable of becoming a leader in noble enterprises, should, by his own acts, consign himself for years to the walls of a prison! Is this the end of James Liscomb's ambitious dreams?

*Mr. Russel.*—His history is the same as that of many others. Nature has bestowed upon him rare talents, but he is a bold, cunning man, over whom principle exercised no restraint. Talent becomes a curse to its possessor when accompanied with a corrupt heart. It is a sad thought that James Liscomb has ruined himself. As a lawyer he was gaining a high degree of popularity, and as a private citizen he was respected and beloved. Falsehood has usually a "goodly outside." It accomplishes its purpose by means of flattering pretensions, but, sooner or later, it is sure to be detected and punished. For two years you have suffered the consequences of James Liscomb's crimes. Previous to that time you had never known a wish ungratified. You possessed a fond father, a large fortune, and a multitude of friends. One blow, and all was swept away. Then you commenced your struggle with the world, and learned, for the first time, the bitterness of adversity. Fortune has again turned her vacillating wheel, and you are coming back from poverty to prosperity, as I fondly believe, purified like gold from the refiner's fire. Although you have convinced me that "sweet are the uses of adversity," you will not chide me when I congratulate you upon being able to enjoy again all the advantages which wealth can bestow.

*Henry.*—All except the *friends* which wealth bestows. Heaven grant that to enjoy them again may never be our portion!

*Isabel.*—We have learned of late to appreciate the value of a true friend. Can we hope ever to repay you for your kindness?

*Mr. Russel.*—I have done nothing which friendship for your father has not dictated. He repaid me years ago, when we were boys together. In my opinion death does not cancel a debt of affection. It is sufficient to say that you owe me nothing. May I inquire if you have formed any

plans for the future? Henry will, of course, doff his sailor's suit, and you will seek a new home. Shall you remain in the city?

*Isabel.*—We have not yet decided. It will depend entirely upon your advice.

*Henry.*—"Upper tendom" is already beginning to be anxious about us in anticipation of our wealth. Our dear aunt Burnham, impressed with the idea that we are destined to be rich again in spite of her, dragged her flounces in here yesterday and earnestly advised us to leave the city immediately. She said it would be much better for us, our circumstances are so well known here. She should have said it would be much better for *her*.

*Isabel.*—Let us not flatter ourselves that our remaining can influence her fortune. As I remarked before, Mr. Russel, we shall abide by your decision.

*Mr. Russel.*—Consult your own wishes. I will give my advice; but I do not wish to influence you. I will call again to-morrow to hear what you have decided. Good evening. (*Mr. Russel goes out.*)

(*Enter the Astrologer.*) *Isabel.*—Ah, my friend, you have come again. What message do you bring to us?

*Astrologer.*—Believe you that the stars are ever false?

*Isabel.*—I wish not to dispute your declarations. You told us that two fortunate events were about to take place. Our property has been restored to us, thus proving that you were true, at least, in part.

*Astrologer.*—And you still doubt the certainty of my predictions? How blind are the eyes of unbelief! Ere many days shall pass away all doubts shall be removed from your mind by convincing proofs. The second prediction is on the eve of its fulfillment. Remember, the stars are never false.

#### CHAPTER IX. *Mrs. Burnham, Mabel, and Arthur.*

*Mrs. Burnham.*—Mabel, I understand the responsibility which rests upon me. Do not fear that I shall spare any expense or exertions to impress Lord Richmond with an idea of our wealth and station. This party shall be conducted upon a scale of magnificence never before equaled in this city.

*Mabel.*—What if papa should object to such an expenditure?

*Mrs. Burnham.*—I will overrule his objections. To think money is a consideration when such consequences are at stake! I would carry out my plan if it exhausted our last dollar. A nobleman is not placed within our reach every day,

and it would be the height of folly not to improve the present opportunity. While every one else is studying the best manners of making impressions, shall we remain indifferent who have the honor of receiving him first at our house? As I said before, there is much at stake, and I am determined to try every method to gain his attentions.

*Mabel.*—I was hoping that southern beauty, Miss Landgrove, would leave the city previous to his arrival. It was her intention to return south some time ago. I believe she has a purpose in remaining.

*Mrs. Burnham.*—Very likely; but I doubt whether you are to consider her a very formidable rival. I have the greatest confidence in your success. You will certainly surpass every one else in magnificence and gorgeousness of dress; and, I fondly believe, will be the belle of the occasion.

*Mabel.*—All our acquaintances are so anxious to know what I am going to wear. The saucy creatures are teasing me incessantly. I suppose they wish to pattern after me.

*Mrs. Burnham.*—Do n't reveal a word to any one for the world; but gain what information you can from others. I wonder how Isabel and Fanny Ashton will dress. How provoking that just at this time they should receive back their fortune, thus obliging me to include them among the invited! When I went there I had no idea they would accept my invitation, they have received such treatment from me; and they were very modestly declining, when Arthur, who was there at the time, and who, I suppose, is always there, insisted that they should accept it. Isabel seemed at first to be firm in her refusal, and there arose quite a dispute. Mr. Willard, whom Arthur is continually praising, joined in the discussion and also urged them to go. I should like to know what business it is to him, and I came near telling him so. I presume he understood my thoughts by my manners.

*Mabel.*—And she consented?

*Mrs. Burnham.*—Yes, and I was obliged to express my thanks. How hard it is sometimes to be deceitful!

*Mabel.*—Do you think, ma, that we can persuade Arthur to attend the party?

*Mrs. Burnham.*—I do not know. I am aware that our house will be but half represented without him, and if there are any motives to which I can appeal successfully, they shall be tried for the accomplishment of this object. But I hear Arthur's step. This is a favorable opportunity to talk with him about the party, and I will improve it. (*Arthur enters.*)

*Mabel.*—I am glad you happened to come in

just at this time, Arthur. We were wishing to see you.

*Arthur.*—Wishing to see me! Tell me what important considerations have directed your attention to such an insignificant object as myself.

*Mrs. Burnham.*—We were speaking of our party, Arthur. You know how disappointed we shall be if you do not attend it. Do allow us, for once, to overrule your objections.

*Arthur.*—Contrary to your expectations I shall make no objections. It is my greatest desire to attend it.

*Mabel.*—O thank you, Arthur! What can be the cause of this sudden change?

*Mrs. Burnham.*—I can detect the cause. It is because the Ashtons will be here. Shame, Arthur, to allow yourself to be influenced by them.

*Arthur.*—If I understand you correctly, you desire me to attend your party. I will accept your invitation, and will tell you plainly that I am attracted to it by the very ones whose names you have mentioned.

*Mrs. Burnham.*—Without regard for your father, mother, and sister! O, if there is any thing that wounds the heart it is indifference! My only son has confessed, to his shame, that he is destitute of family affection.

*Arthur.*—Mother, I say it with all respect, but I affirm that I have but followed your own example. Destitute of family affection! Do you remember that you once had a brother? that from the day of your birth till his death, he endeavored to perform every duty a brother owes a sister? You imagined you loved him. He died, but left behind him three noble children, who were dear to him as his own life. You have despised those children, because to you affection is a golden charm, and, in addition to the terrible loss which death had caused, that charm was broken. Before that time I could love those children without reproof from you. Thank Heaven, with all my faults my heart can not be affected by any change of fortune. I have visited them in their humble home, and found it all my joy. I had been taught to seek after pleasure, and had already learned the sad lesson that "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Who should have placed her hand upon my head and said to me gently, "My son, my son!" Well may I repeat with you, "O, if there is any thing that wounds the heart it is indifference." I have seen myself, in my own home, scorned and forsaken for the tinsel and glitter of fashion. Mother, what your son is to-day you owe to one whom you have despised. Isabel Ashton saw me drifting toward the vortex of ruin. She stretched forth her hand, and, I humbly hope, has been the

means of saving me from the threatened danger. If your heart is capable of an emotion of gratitude; if this blind worship of fashion has not closed it to every generous impulse; if, in short, you love your son, fly to his protectress, and with tears of shame and contrition for the past, acknowledge to her that you are the mother of Arthur Burnham, and the sister of Philip Ashton.

#### CHAPTER X. *The party at Mr. Burnham's.*

*Mrs. Burnham.*—I sympathize with you, my friends, in your impatience for the arrival of our distinguished visitor. My son, by particular request, went to his hotel to accompany him here. I can not imagine what has detained them. Let us hope that our wishes may be gratified by their speedy arrival. In the mean time I would suggest that music be introduced for the purpose of driving dull care away. Will some of our fair performers favor us with a song? Ah! they are coming. (*Enter Arthur and Edgar Willard.*)

*Arthur.*—Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps I should apologize for what may have seemed to you an unnecessary delay. I am aware that your customary enjoyments have been forgotten in your anxiety for the appearance of Lord Richmond; therefore I realize how greatly I have trespassed upon your patience. Bear with me while I make a brief explanation; and at its conclusion I am confident that you will be ready to excuse me. A few weeks ago the world of fashion was electrified with the intelligence that a young English nobleman was about to visit this city. It was true; such was the intention of Lord Richmond. He foresaw the excitement which his arrival would produce, and therefore he chose to come in disguise, and to enjoy, before the flattering attentions of wealth and rank should be bestowed upon him, a brief interval of repose. On the night of that terrible storm the vessel in which he sailed was nearing our port. It was wrecked, and by the heroic exertions of one of the sailors his life was preserved. That sailor carried him to his own humble home, and there, for six weeks past, he has enjoyed his wealth and rank in undisturbed quiet, while the houses of the rich have resounded with his name, and each day new interest has been manifested in his arrival. That interest can now be gratified. Allow me to introduce to you Lord Edgar Richmond. Listen to me a moment longer while I speak upon a less interesting subject. Two years ago one of the rich and influential men of this city died. At the same time his fortune, like a golden bubble, disappeared, and his children were thrown upon the world penniless. Their places in society were soon filled by others.

Only for a moment was the attention of the fashionable world drawn by this event from its hollow pleasures. It was forgotten, and "each one, as before, pursued his favorite phantom." But a new life had opened before those so suddenly reduced from riches to want. Depending upon their own exertions, they developed those noble powers which luxury conceals, and proved that virtue, benevolence, and Christianity flourish far better in the cottage than in the palace. It is unnecessary for me to add that I refer to the children of Philip Ashton. To the son Lord Richmond is indebted for his rescue from a grave in the ocean. He has found in their humble home a jewel of greater value than any of which his proud ancestors can boast; and he comes before this company to-night to confess with pride that this treasure he has succeeded in winning.

*Lord Richmond.*—Isabel! (*They join hands.*)

*Arthur.*—Let those who have hitherto said with scornful lips, "Poor, penniless orphan," behold the betrothed wife of Lord Edgar Richmond. My friends join with me in wishing that this union of hearts may never be broken. Admire, with me, the beauty and purity of woman's character; when, disregarding the scorn of false friends, she continues her appointed mission, lifting up the downtrodden, and leading back wanderers to the path of virtue. Such has been the course of Isabel Ashton. Clouds have enveloped her pathway, but she has gained "vigor from every storm, strength from every defiant bolt of heaven." Let her example teach you that mere beauty, wealth, and glitter of fashion can not win the love of a noble heart; that in all ranks of society, from peasantry to nobility, virtue alone attracts the virtuous. (*Enter the Astrologer.*)

*Astrologer.*—Behold the fulfillment of the second prediction!

### "MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES."

BY LURELLA CLARK.

"WHILE the sun shines make the hay,"

Said the farmer to the swains,  
As with cheerful step they hastened,  
Singing down the dewy lanes,  
To the meadows where the mowers,  
Whetting well the glittering blade,  
All June's waving growth of greenness  
Prostrate to the sunshine laid.

Through the burning hours of noonday  
Turned and tossed it o'er the plain,  
Where with all its flowers it withered  
Till the day began to wane;  
When the west wind, wandering over,  
Caught and bore its breath away  
To the happy, brown-checked maidens,  
Coming, too, to make the hay.

Wicker baskets heavy laden

With the laborer's homely fare,  
Brimming pitchers, freshly dripping,  
To the welcoming swains they bear.  
Jest, and song, and merry boasting  
Animate the rude repast—  
Bring forgetfulness of labor  
With repose, until, at last,

Startling on their happy laughter,  
Slowly down the dusty lanes,  
Come the loudly-shouting drivers,  
Bringing meadowward the wains.  
When with freshened hearts of courage,  
Lads and maidens, each and all,  
Gather for the wains the windrows  
Ere the hastening shadows fall.

"While the sun shines make the hay,"  
Thought young John, the farmer's son,  
Looking sly at Jennie Carroll's  
Violet eyes suffused with fun.

"Jennie," said he, "twilight shadows  
Soon will cover all the plain;  
Summer will not last forever;  
After sunshine comes the rain.

Life is flecked with falling shadows,  
Youth and gladness glide away;  
But true love, in true hearts, Jennie,  
Makes the summer last for aye.  
Jennie, shall we walk together  
Through the dark and through the dew?  
Will you share with me the sunshine,  
And with me the shadow, too?"

What was Jennie Carroll's answer  
It is not for me to say;  
But two happy hearts, believe me,  
Followed home one load of hay.

### REMEMBRANCE.

BY J. W. CARHART.

THERE 's a heart sleeping 'neath yonder willow,  
Which weeps the mild dew of the eve;  
It heeds not the surge of life's billow,  
Nor sighs when I over it grieve.

There 's a kiss on my cheek that has perished,  
But its memory 's still in the heart,  
And a tear that I fondly have cherished,  
And smiles which a sunlight impart.

There 's a place where I 've buried them fondly,  
'T is safe from intrusion of foes;  
It is known to my own spirit only,  
There fadeless the heart-cassia grows.

There 's a lute touched with fingers of silence,  
And a silvery lock of soft hair,  
And oft have I wept o'er a portrait  
Which speaks of the pleasures that were

There are blessings of long, long ago,  
There are counsels, and wishes, and prayers,  
There are vows of affection, I know,  
And garments that nobody wears.

There 's a place where I 've buried them fondly,  
'T is safe from intrusion of foes;  
It is known to my own spirit only,  
There fadeless the heart-cassia grows.

## HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN ICELAND.

SAILING in a north-westerly direction from Scotland, along the Frozen Ocean, at the end of three or four days one of the most remarkable islands in the world is reached. Its extent is nearly double that of Switzerland, but its aspect is very different from that country. During journeys of many days nothing is to be seen but a wild desert; neither green grass nor bush refreshes the eye; nothing but a stony soil, black and rugged lava, enormous masses of ice and snow, and, in the neighborhood of mountains, innumerable torrents, which descend from the glaciers, and hurry their foaming waters along the wildest solitudes. Around this melancholy desert, which covers, as with a sheet of desolation, the whole interior of the island, extends a narrow coast, which alone is susceptible of cultivation, and furnishes to the 50,000 inhabitants of this barren country a miserable subsistence.

It is on this narrow strip of a less severe climate that poor scattered farms are found, but rarely united into villages. Around these poor dwellings are seen little patches of cultivated ground, which produce a few vegetables; but no where through the whole island is a harvest field ever seen, nor even a fruit tree. Here and there a flock of sheep or small cows are scattered over the steppe, browsing upon the most nourishing herbs they can find. The milk and wool of these wretched flocks are the principal resources of the inhabitants. The men live in the open air, occupied in cultivating their stony soil, in taking care of their cattle, in casting their nets in the sea, or in spearing the sea-dog, whose skin serves them for garments, and whose oil is so precious for enlightening their long winter evenings. The women, in the mean time, nurse their children and spin the wool they have been able to procure around the meager fire which serves both to warm the room and cook the food.

Such is the country and such are the inhabitants of this island, which is rightly named *Iceland*. But it has not always been so. It was formerly, at least along the coast, a fertile country, full of charms for navigators, who visited it for relaxation. It is exactly a thousand years since Iceland was discovered by a hardy Norwegian navigator. Till then no human foot had trod that soil, but scarcely fifty years had elapsed ere 80,000 colonists from Norway and Denmark were established there. Life and activity were soon manifested. Towns and villages arose around the bays; the houses were speedily surrounded by fertile fields; a good constitution and wise laws governed this flourishing state; the ex-

cellent ports of the coast were full of vessels, which, departing on commercial expeditions, returned, bringing immense riches into the island. The merchants, also, brought back with them new elements of civilization which they introduced among their countrymen. As early as the year 980 Christian missionaries from Saxony and Norway came among the yet pagan colonists, and twenty years later—A. D. 1000—the whole population embraced Christianity in pursuance of a solemn decision of the diet of the country. Elegant steeples soon rose above the happy dwellings of the inhabitants; a fine cathedral was erected in the capital, a bishop was installed, and to every church a school was adjoined. The young Icelanders repaired to the mother country—Norway—to Denmark, Germany, France, and even to Rome in order to enjoy the benefits of education; then, enriched by these new intellectual treasures, they returned to consecrate them to the service of their country. A remarkable development manifested itself in the population. The best works of the civilized continent were translated into the Icelandic language. The discovery of printing was scarcely made in Germany when a press was established in Iceland, and numerous books circulated among the people. An extraordinary thirst for reading showed itself among the inhabitants of the island, and exists even to this day. During the long and gloomy nights of winter, which at Christmas last twenty hours, it was and still is the only amusement of the Icelanders to read and re-read in the family circle the books they may have the good fortune to be able to procure. Such was the active and intellectual life which formerly animated this island; it seemed, in the vast solitudes of the North Sea, as a garden blessed of God.

But how, then, did this prosperous state of cultivation disappear? In the course of centuries the enormous blocks of ice floating from the North Sea insensibly approached nearer to the island, rendering its climate increasingly severe, and finally surrounding it by a formidable rampart. From the same cause, the seas in which the Icelanders carried on an active commerce all the year round became also more and more inaccessible, and now they are no longer navigable, except at certain times of the year, and then with much danger. The masses of snow which formerly were only permanent on the summits of the mountain, gradually descended unto the declivities, and finally established themselves on the borders of the plain. The torrents formed in summer by the thaws ravaged those parts of the country but slightly elevated and carrying along with them into the sea the arable land, leaving noth-

ing behind them but an arid and rocky soil. Other scourges of God were joined to these sources of disasters; in 1350 the terrible epidemic called the *Black Death*; on two occasions, in 1627 and in 1687, Algerian pirates made an incursion into the island, putting the inhabitants to fire and sword, and taking a large number away captives. In 1707-17, 1,000 persons died from small-pox, and in the years 1784, 1785 more than 9,000 died from starvation. Is it surprising that after such calamities the population of Iceland, formerly very considerable, should now have fallen to between 40,000 and 50,000 inhabitants, and that this land should appear in our days as covered with a mourning veil?

The population of Iceland, like that of Norway, belongs to the ancient Germanic race. No people in the world have preserved, as the Icelanders, the originality and pureness of their language. It is spoken at the present time exactly as it was spoken one thousand years ago, so that it offers a precious phenomenon to the learned, who occupy themselves with the study of primitive languages. But these Icelandic people belong also in mind and character to the Teutonic race. They are a serious, simple, faithful, hospitable people, and comparatively pure in morals. The promptitude with which they embraced Christianity, about the year 1000, is a proof of their good disposition. Their first bishop, a man full of holy zeal, did not content himself with building temples of stone, but devoted himself to forming *living stones*, with which to raise a spiritual temple to the true God. The Christian faith penetrated so deeply and so truly into the hearts of the people, that the desire for communicating it to others early manifested itself in missionary activity.

It is true that the Christianity professed by the Icelanders had much degenerated from the Christianity of the apostles. But when, in the sixteenth century, the torch of the Reformation was kindled on German soil, some rays penetrated even to Iceland, and lighted in the breast of these people a new and holy fire.

In the year 1530 an excellent young man named Oddur, belonging to the family of the Bishop of Holum, in Iceland, left his country in order to pursue the study of theology in Norway. The doctrines of the Reformation were then taught in the best schools of that country, and the contest for and against these doctrines was very ardent. Oddur was led into this intellectual combat, but he found not there the light; he therefore soon retired from these public debates and lived in solitude, praying to the Lord to open the eyes of his understanding, that he might perceive whether saving truth was to be found in

the doctrines of Rome or in those of Luther. It was on his knees that he studied the Greek Testament. Gradually light dawned in his soul. He compared the writings of Luther with what he read in the word of God, and ere long found himself so powerfully drawn toward this extraordinary man, that, without any delay, he took up his pilgrim's staff and set off to Germany, spending some time in Wittemberg at the school of Luther and Melancthon. Enriched with full evangelical knowledge, he returned home, firmly resolved, by the aid of God, to carry the Gospel to his own countrymen. But this was not so easy as he had perhaps hoped. The evangelical preaching of the young Oddur excited in Iceland, as it does every-where, lively opposition, especially on the part of the priests and monks. The young man, therefore, followed Luther's example. As it was the translation of the holy Scriptures into the vulgar tongue which alone had given to the Reformation a solid basis, Oddur resolved to apply himself immediately to the translation of the New Testament into the Icelandic language. He commenced this work at a solitary farm, in the corner of a stable, where he was safe from surprise and persecution, and in 1539 this first version of the New Testament into Icelandic was completed. It was a faithful reproduction of Luther's German translation. Armed with this treasure, the fruit of his watchings, he again left his country for Denmark, where he printed a thousand copies of his translation under the liberal protection of the pious king, Christian III. He then returned to Iceland and began to circulate his books. They were received with astonishing avidity, for reading was even then the prevailing taste of the population. This good word of God which the Icelanders then saw, for the first time, in their own tongue, displayed also in this country its irresistible efficacy. Toward the year 1550 the whole island passed over to the evangelical faith, and has remained faithful to it to this day.\*

Thirty years later the Old Testament was translated and printed, not by foreign presses, but in Iceland, where several presses were already in activity. From this moment the entire Bible was in the hands of the people, and it was a treasure received with indescribable joy. Nevertheless, the Bible was not then in the hands of all, nor even in all families; for the first edition was a large folio volume, and of so high a price that only those in easy circumstances could possess themselves of it. The Bible, however, was, from

\* "In 1552 the last representatives of Catholicism in Iceland finally succumbed."—*Ranke's "History of the Popes."*—[Ed.]

this time, generally read; for either this precious treasure was mutually lent, or meetings were held at some large farm during the long winter evenings to hear this holy book read. Soon afterward Luther's Catechism, an edition of the Psalms, prayer-books, and other religious works, were printed in the Icelandic language, and were seized on with eagerness in all parts and held in high esteem.

This prosperous state of things, alas! disappeared in proportion as the general state of the island declined under the influences of the unfortunate circumstances of which I have spoken. It is true that at a subsequent period three editions of the Bible, of nearly 2,000 copies—two in folio and one in quarto—were printed, as well as three editions of the New Testament in octavo. But the devastations in the island caused the destruction of a great number of these books. The consequent poverty prevented the publication of any new editions. The presses themselves disappeared, no one knew how, with the exception of one only; and that, at the end of the last century, was in a state of such dilapidation that it was of no use. A small number of indispensable books were printed in Denmark, but in the space of forty years no more than five thousand.

To such a degree did this penury reach, that in 1806 a man of high position in Iceland, and perfectly well-informed, said, "It is absolutely impossible to procure in the island a Bible or New Testament at any price. It is a sad thing that throughout the entire country, among a population of 47,000 souls, there are not more than forty or fifty complete Bibles." This makes it the more easy to believe that each of the two hundred pastors who have charge of the three hundred and fifty parishes of the island have to keep a parochial register of all the books each family possesses. We are far removed from that blessed time, now sixty years ago, when the generous Sistrup purchased Bibles, at his own expense, to give to every congregation, where they circulated from one family to another.

Seventeen years since a dean of an eastern district took every possible pains to procure a Bible which should be his own, and he has not succeeded yet; for all who are happy enough to possess one will not part with it at any price. The copies which still exist have been so much used, and are in so deplorable a state, that it is scarcely possible to read them: thus, a pastor possesses an old folio Bible, which has become worm-eaten, the leaves of which are carefully pasted with paper, on which the text has been written in a hand so beautiful and correct that it would do honor to the best writer, and yet it is the work of a simple peasant. If, in the midst

of such circumstances, religion in Iceland has not degenerated into a sort of paganism, it is attributable to the grace of God and to the moral feeling of this people, who, once in possession of the truth, have kept it with unalterable love, and transmitted it from generation to generation by oral instruction.

In the spring of the year 1814, 5,000 copies were printed of the entire Bible in Icelandic, and an equal number of New Testaments were also ready. Dr. Henderson, at the invitation of the Bible Society of London, was enabled to carry this treasure to his Icelandic friends, who, on their distant shores, were awaiting him with impatience. "Our ship," he wrote, "instead of sailing for war or pillage, is laden with a cargo of corn and other provisions to supply the corporeal wants of the Icelanders; but it contains, besides these, the bread of life, which I am to carry to our brethren of the north. The Lord has evidently thoughts of peace toward his people in Iceland."

The passage was good and rapid. On the 25th of July, 1814, the ship cast anchor in the port of Reikiavik, the capital of the island, on the southwest coast, and Dr. Henderson came on shore. "I was prepared," he wrote, "for an affectionate welcome, but the reality has far surpassed my expectation. The thirst of the inhabitants for the sacred volume is such, that I had hardly set foot in the house of the chief pastor, when the doors were besieged by an immense crowd of persons, who all wished for a copy, and would willingly have paid double could they have received it instantly." Dr. Henderson's first care was to provide for as equal a distribution of the book as possible throughout the whole island. Three great depots, at Reikiavik, the others in the north and in the east, were to receive the copies designed for each district; and while in these places placards made this known to the public, the pastors of neighboring places were requested to announce it publicly from the pulpit. Dr. Henderson intended himself to go through the whole island, both to direct the distribution and to judge of the actual necessities.

Every thing being thus prepared, this zealous servant of God started on the 26th of July, accompanied by a Danish officer, to undertake this difficult journey. He wrote thus: "When we had gone through two parishes in which there were only three or four Bibles, we arrived in a desert, which we crossed, not meeting, during five days, with a single human habitation. There was no vestige of green to rest the wearied eyes, not the note of a bird to break the gloomy silence. The contrast made so much the more agreeable to us the pretty valley of Eyafjord, into which we de-

scended upon leaving this desolate plateau. There we planted our tent at the entry of the village. In an instant the people crowded round us: they welcomed me as an angel of God. 'It is as if manna had been given us from heaven!' they said in their joy. And as I entered into one of their huts, these poor people loaded me with their prayers and benedictions."

Our traveler had many difficulties to overcome in his missionary tour. "I have been exposed," he wrote in the month of September, "to many and serious dangers; but the Lord has delivered me from them all. I have had to cross, on horseback, more than sixty rivers, several of which are considered very dangerous; but I had put my trust in Him who says, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Isaiah xliii, 2. During these two months I have seldom slept in a house; my tent has almost always served me for a dwelling." But all these difficulties were a thousand times compensated to the pious Henderson by the sweet experiences which met him in distributing his Bibles. He came one day to a parish, in which the houses were wide-spread, and as he could not visit them all he sent word to the inhabitants to come to him. A peasant, about eighteen years of age, had come, on behalf of his aged parents, to know if it were true that Bibles in Icelandic had arrived and were to be obtained. There was in his whole manner a remarkable expression of simplicity and modesty. When Dr. Henderson had given him a New Testament, this interesting young man could hardly restrain his joy. A crowd of people were, however, assembled round the tent, and Dr. Henderson requested the young man to read aloud the third chapter of the Gospel by St. John. Hardly had he commenced when all seated themselves on the ground, or kneeled on the turf, to listen with the most touching devotion and attention. Gradually tears began to flow, and the general emotion was visible. These poor people could not restrain their cries of admiration, praising God for having permitted them to see this day. When they had retired, two women, one of whom was very aged, remained after the others, being never weary of pressing the hands of the traveler, and blessing God that he had deigned to send them again his good and pure word. "I forgot," says Dr. Henderson, "all the difficulties of my journey across the mountain, and for such a scene I would willingly have endured twice the same toils. I can not sufficiently render thanks to God and the Bible Society for having deemed me worthy to be the instrument of such a benediction, and the bearer of a message which, by affording so much consolation to

others, is to me a source of inexpressible satisfaction."

We can not recount all the interesting details of this missionary tour. It is enough to say that the progress of Dr. Henderson through the country was a real triumph. Abundant manifestations of the Christian life were every-where apparent, and when the moment came for the missionary to quit this island which had become so dear to him, he found no difficulty in persuading so many hearts, filled with grateful joy, to erect a memorial of this merciful visitation of the Lord. But what should the memorial be? No monument of stone, or such like thing; it was the foundation of an Icelandic Bible Society. On the 10th of July, 1815, a considerable number of men of all conditions assembled at Reikiavik, in the house of the head pastor to take this solemn resolution. They spread in all directions circulars inviting the inhabitants to take part in this important work. Dr. Henderson had been authorized by the Bible Society in London to make on the occasion, in their name, a donation to the infant society of £300 sterling; and before leaving he had the joy of seeing that not only the rich families gave of their abundance, but that fathers of poor families, and even men and women servants, brought their mite for the holy work just commenced. Dr. Henderson returned happily to his country, and the first time that he was able to be present again at a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he presented to it a letter of thanks from the first civil and ecclesiastical authorities of Iceland, which concluded thus: "You will always be the objects of our veneration and profound gratitude, as the instruments of the Divine mercy which has deigned to give us these new proofs of love; and as long as we live, as long as the word of God is honored among us, your memory will dwell in our hearts." Since this time the Icelandic Bible Society has itself printed and circulated more than 10,000 Bibles and New Testaments.

#### THE ENJOYMENT OF OCCUPATION.

THE mind requires some object on which its powers must be exercised, and without it, preys upon itself and becomes miserable. A person accustomed to a life of activity longs for ease and retirement, and when he has accomplished his purpose, finds himself wretched. The pleasure of relaxation is known to those only who have regular and interesting occupation. Continued relaxation soon becomes a weariness; and, on this ground, we may safely assert that the greatest degree of real enjoyment belongs only to those who have constant and important occupation.

"WEARING MOURNING."

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE was bitter weeping in the house. For years God's angels had silently passed to and fro over the threshold, bearing gifts and blessings unnumbered, keeping watch that "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday," might not come nigh the dwellers there. But now, suddenly as the lightning falls from heaven, God had put forth his hand and touched them, and the husband and father lay dead in their midst.

He was a good man, and an earnest Christian, and many tears were shed for him under other roofs than his own, and from many a heart the prayer went up, that the widow and her fatherless children might be comforted and sustained in their great affliction, and led nearer to the hand that had dealt the blow.

One of the daughters, a lovely girl of fifteen, had been for some time a member of my Sabbath school class, and though not professedly a Christian, I had often mentally applied to her the words of our Savior, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

As I bent my steps to the house of mourning, I lifted my heart in prayer that Mary especially might find a heavenly Father in place of the earthly parent she had lost. The door was open, and I entered unannounced. In the family sitting-room a number of persons were collected, some busily sewing on black fabrics, a variety of which were strewed about on the sofa and tables, while the two sisters, Mary and Ellen, stood in the center of the room trying on some bonnets, under the supervision of their mother and the village milliner. Mary looked worn and anxious, and it was plain that these details were irksome to her, but I fancied I saw on Ellen's face a flush of gratified vanity, as the milliner remarked that black was very becoming to her, she was so very fair.

As soon as Mary saw me she threw herself sobbing into my arms, exclaiming, "O, Miss H——, my father, my darling father!"

I tried to calm and soothe her, and finally succeeded as far as to get her to listen to me, while I talked to her of the glories of heaven, and the blessedness of the dwellers there, and strove to lead her mind to the true source of comfort and consolation.

"He does not willingly afflict us, Mary," I said, "but he sometimes takes our treasures to heaven that our hearts may follow them there."

"I know it," she answered, "I know it is all true; but how can I calm my mind enough to think of it in all this horror and confusion? It

seems to me like a horrible mockery for us all to be talking and thinking about our clothes; but I can not have an hour to myself, and the house is filled with the neighbors to make preparations for the funeral, and when I do sit down and think for a moment, it all comes upon me as if it would crush me."

"Stand up a moment, Mary," said a lady at this instant, "and let me take the length of your skirt." Mary rose with a look of agony on her face, and stood patiently while the measure was taken. As I looked at her in her simple robe of white muslin, I could but think it was a far more fitting dress in which to pass through the solemnities of the morrow, than what the world calls "*mourning robes*."

The mother pressed my hand convulsively as I left the house, and I only whispered, "You know where to go for consolation, Mrs. C——."

"Yes," she sobbed, "but it has come upon me so suddenly that I can not think; I am only stunned and bewildered."

Ah! thought I, as I walked slowly homeward, why not take time to think? Why not shut the door upon all worldly sights and sounds, and humble yourselves before God, and pray him to fill the void earth has left in your hearts? Surely he would reveal the glories of the rest that remaineth for the people of God, and give "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

But a few weeks passed and again death entered our village. The same hand that so often "reaps the bearded grain at a breath," had this time cut down one of "the flowers that grow between." One bright, beautiful Sabbath a young mother brought her first-born to the house of God, and in the presence of the great assembly of angels and of men dedicated her to the King of kings; but before another dawned the good Shepherd folded the little lamb to his bosom, and bore her away to the calm sunshine of eternity. Mrs. Ward was a near and dear friend of mine, and when I learned that her little Nellie had suddenly died, I went to her immediately. The house was still. Two ladies stood by the window, conversing in low tones, and in answer to my inquiry for Mrs. Ward directed me to her room. I entered softly, and there upon the bed lay the baby Nellie, in such a sweet repose I could hardly persuade myself it was really death. My friend was kneeling beside the bed, her face buried in the clothes, and her whole form writhing. Words of prayer broke occasionally from her lips, but her face was tearless as she turned it toward me. "O, Carrie," said I, "what can I do to comfort you?"

"Nothing, nothing," was her answer; "I am utterly crushed. Leave me alone with my God."

I did leave her with her God, and joining the friends in the sitting-room, we waited for the result of the struggle. Hours passed, neighbors came and went, silently and tearfully, but no one approached that room where the soul was wrestling with its grief. At last, when the suspense was growing terrible, we heard low tones of prayer, broken at first, but growing stronger and fuller, as if the soul of the pleader were borne up on angels' wings, and when they ceased my heart added "*Alleluia*." In a few moments Carrie came from her room, pale and bowed as if age had suddenly fallen upon her, but there was a light upon her face that awed us; it was the very "peace of God that passeth all understanding." She spoke to the neighbors who were present, thanking them for their offers of assistance, but assuring them there was nothing necessary to be done. "You will stay with me, Emma, till Henry comes, will you not?" she said to me; "and we can do all that needs to be done for Nellie. I shall lay her out myself." A momentary spasm passed over her face as she spoke of Nellie, but she shut her eyes, her lips moved as if in prayer, and then all was peace again. "Do you not wish some preparation made about your dress?" asked a lady hesitatingly. "No," was the answer, "I shall not wear mourning; I mean I shall not put on black."

In the quiet hours of that sweet June day we robbed the dead baby for the grave. It was the mother's hand that smoothed the shining hair and bathed the little waxen form so tenderly. Tears fell like summer rain from her sad eyes, but they were blessed tears that brought relief to her heart; and at last, when Nellie was dressed in a delicate robe that she had wrought for her with loving pride but a few months before, she said sadly, "I little thought when I made this little dress that my baby would wear it first in her coffin; but, O, Emma, I have no words to tell you how wonderfully the Lord supports me. It was a hard struggle, and it seemed as if I never should find light, but those words, 'the Lord hath need of her,' came like sunshine to my heart. She is at rest now, my blessed baby, and through all eternity every want will be satisfied. Ah, we never on earth know the meaning of that word *satisfied*."

Mr. Ward was absent from home on business, and that morning a terrible message had gone to him along the swift-speaking wires—"Nellie is dead." What a whisper to come from the happy home he had left so recently, and where he hoped so soon to clasp his loved ones again! He could not reach home till evening; but in the mean time another blow came to the bleeding heart of poor Carrie. A letter came from Henry while we

sat beside the dear dead baby, written the day before, and full of hope and happiness. It was opening the wound afresh to read his merry loving messages to the little one he almost idolized. "You always told me, Carrie dear," he wrote, "that there was not a spark of poetry in my nature, but just to prove your mistake, and convince you at least of my good taste, I send you this bit of what I call genuine poetry. I cut it from a paper, thinking all the time of our little rosebud Nellie." It was a copy of the sweet little Scotch poem,

"Nae shoon to hide her tiny feet."

I picked it up as it fluttered to the floor, and as I read,

"Her face is like an angel's face,  
We're glad she has nae wings,"

I could almost fancy I saw her as an angel indeed, hovering above us.

"Poor Henry," sobbed Carrie, "what a blow it will be to him;" and then she kneeled and prayed for him with earnest faith.

I have no words to tell of that sorrowful meeting, or of the agony of the stricken husband and father; let it pass in silence. God's comfort was given to him also, but he had not Carrie's great faith and trust. The next day was the funeral, and the little one was laid away till the morning of the resurrection.

Many wondered at Carrie's course in refusing to wear mourning, and some even spoke words of unkind censure, but nothing moved her. "I have always felt it to be wrong to fill the house of mourning with confusion, such as necessarily attends the preparing of mourning apparel, and thus utterly keeping the mind from rightly considering the solemn presence of death, and making the improvement God means us to make of the most touching of all his providences." This was her answer to one who questioned her concerning her conduct.

For myself I have made the matter the subject of careful thought and notice for years. My very soul has been shocked by scenes I have witnessed in these preparations for funerals. Christian sisters! it is worthy your serious and earnest attention. When God calls your beloved into an untried eternity, and dead lips in your dwelling, more eloquently than ever living ones have done, repeat the solemn warning, "*Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Master cometh*," is that a time for anxious thought concerning the clothing of the body? Gay and showy apparel and superfluous ornaments are not at any time suitable for women professing godliness, and surely the simple attire which is proper at all other times for the Christian, is just as meet for the hour when lover and friend are put far from us, and our acquaintance into darkness.

It involves needless expense. Some can afford this, so far as outward circumstances are concerned, but by the force of their example in creating public opinion, a heavy burden is laid on the poor. So long as it is considered a necessary mark of grief and of respect for the dead, so long will the poor feel themselves constrained to comply with the custom. In most places the day has already gone by when a woman was made an object of censorious remark for not adopting black as a mourning costume; yet I can well remember that my own honored mother was subjected almost to persecution for conscientiously refusing compliance to the custom, when those near and dear were removed from the household. Scripture example can not be made to sustain it, for our mourning robes are in every respect as costly in material, and elegant in style and adornment as our garments for festal array, whereas in the Bible we only read of the putting on of sackcloth and ashes, the rending of the garments, and humbling one's self in the dust with a confession of sin. We read of no greater calamities than those which suddenly fell upon Job, yet we are told he "rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshiped, and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

Let outward marks of mourning be made now to consist in shaving the head and wearing sackcloth and ashes, and how many, think you, would adopt it? How long would it take the majority to discover that this outward show was a relic of past darkness, and not consistent with an enlightened age? I beg for this matter the attention it merits. Little can be done by mere argument, but the example of a single person of good standing and influence in a community will go far toward introducing a reform.

#### CLASS OF CONVERSATIONALISTS.

SWIFT describes a class of conversationalists, who should be driven from all good society: these are "people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day." He then proceeds, with some illiberality: "And this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable."

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#### THE WOMAN'S QUESTION IN CHINA.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

ALMOST every attempt to prove any given fact out of the mouths of several witnesses, proves only the extreme difficulty of observing accurately. It is not too much to say that scarcely two men, certainly no three, will be found to agree in their relation of any given incident witnessed in common by them. A recent criminal trial in this country has proved this anew—has shown the witnesses to an open street assassination, occurring in broad daylight, and in a wide and almost deserted street, so far disagreeing in their sworn accounts of the transaction as to induce the counsel for the defense to maintain, with the usual recklessness of our criminal lawyers, a line of defense which would have seemed absurd to themselves before the trial.

Of all observers, the most unreliable and useless for the seeker after truth is the traveler; and this *invariably* when he steps out of the necessarily narrow range of his own observations. Running hastily through a country, observing and understanding by halves, and generalizing from a remarkably limited number of ill-appreciated facts, your ambitious traveler is the least trustworthy person in the world for the manners and customs of the people. The opinions which the French and English hold of each other to this day, make a case in point. If there had been from time immemorial no intercommunication, the two nations, so near neighbors that it seems they should be the most intimate friends, might at least have gained some true knowledge of each other's character. But the travelers of each describe the other, and lo! there is a misunderstanding, a perverse misappreciation of the most salient points and characteristics of each, which is yet the laugh and wonder of the outside world, and will not be removed short of many years of railroad, steamboat, and telegraphic communication. To the true Briton the Frenchman is still a monkey-faced, grimacing dancing-master, who lives on frogs, eschews clean shirts, and decidedly lacks courage; while the French Briton—who yet occupies the stage—is a being who wears a "redingote," eats bifstek, says "Godam," on every occasion in life, and constantly sells his wife in the market place, with a halter about her neck.

No distant country—scarce any nearer one—has been so thoroughly and so minutely described by travelers as China. Between the days of Marco Polo to those of the brothers Huc, quite an army of outside barbarians have invaded the sacred dominions of the Brother of the sun, moon, and stars, on one pretext or other, and

note-book in hand, have endeavored to catch for us the salient points of the Chinese character—to what effect? The being to be constructed—Cuvier-wise—of these “remains” is just as preposterous and impossible a creature as the heraldic Griffin or the great Chinese dragon itself; a creature fit only to be laughed at as you laugh at an absurd caricature in Punch, with, however, far less likeness to the original.

To be plain, I believe travelers, from Ferdinand Mendez Pinto down, to be very prone to statements which do not accurately represent the facts, and I propose in this paper to attempt to reconstruct an important phase of Chinese social life, the condition of women, namely, solely from such Chinese treatises on social ethics, Chinese romances, and law books, as have by good luck been rendered into one or other of the languages of Europe—totally eschewing the reports of travelers. The novelist, let him be as “untrue to nature” as you please, must yet reproduce with more or less accuracy the phases of life in which he moves; and the more mediocre and conventional he is, the more closely will he adhere to the precise letter of the social code—and the more valuable will his production be to anatomists of that phase of society. If the reader can agree with me in this premise, I will now develop my subject.

*Kong-Tsu*, or as we foreigners have barbarized the name, *Confucius*, who first developed the principles upon which the three hundred and eighty millions of the Central Flowery Kingdom are to this day governed, in several places declares his conviction that most of the irregularities and troubles which occur either in society or in the state, have for their cause the too free and unlimited intercourse between the sexes. For corroborative evidence to the truth of this rather sweeping statement, he falls back upon the history of the kingdom, and the restraining laws already enacted by emperors, his predecessors. “No man may enter the chamber of a woman who is not his wife,” reads one of the oldest of those laws of the empire, to which Confucius ascribed a divine origin, and to which he gave, by his indorsement, new force and vigor. This regulation remains to the present day without change or abatement.

To cite here a few of the numerous proverbs on woman, which are ever in the celestial mouth, will give the reader a tolerably-accurate idea of the way in which the popular mind in China stands affected on “the woman’s question.”

“Four things are required of a woman: That virtue live in her heart; prudence shine upon her brow; graciousness run from her lips; and work busy her hands.”

“So long as a woman can speak she can revenge herself.”

“The first thought of a woman is always her best; the last the most dangerous.”

“The more unconscious woman is of her virtues, the more charming are they.”

“Why should not women learn to read? Because there are bad books.”

“Reflection cures the passions of a man; it only sharpens those of a woman, and makes their wounds incurable.”

“Those mothers have most joy of their daughters who have only sons.”

“The highest praise for a woman is when nobody speaks of her.”

“The husband should listen to his wife, but he does wrong to believe her.”

“Who believes his wife cheats himself; who does *not* believe her will be cheated.”

“A woman never loses her enjoyment of visiting while she has fine clothes and jewels.”

“Silence and blushes make up the eloquence of woman, and shame serves her for courage.”

“Women and fools never forgive.”

“The woman’s soul is of quicksilver, her heart of wax.”

“A woman’s praise is never without disparagement.”

“A woman is never more eloquent than when she praises her husband, or abuses her step-mother.”

“The snares of women and fools are the most difficult of avoidance.”

“The tongue of a woman is her sword, which she never permits to grow rusty.”

“Women sorrow like children, and comfort themselves like old men.”

“A woman never lies so skillfully as when she tells him the truth who, she knows, does not believe her.”

“A woman who buys rouge will sell it again.”

“No woman has ever lost her cause by silence.”

“If a woman is proud, false, jealous, and suspicious, she has neither memory, prudence, sense, nor judgment.”

“Better marry a hundred wives than two.”

“When men meet they listen to each other; when women or girls meet they look at each other.”

“Few women but lose in virtue what they gain in fame.”

“When a woman laughs at an insult, she is either shameless or sure of her revenge.”

“It is better that a woman please one man with her face, than a thousand by the paints she puts on it.”

“The most curious women cast down their eyes when they wish to be admired.”

"The more beautiful a woman the more she loses if she lacks modesty."

"The most timid maiden has courage to scold and talk scandal."

"A girl who destroys her own life does so because she fears to give another life."

"A girl receives, a widow takes, a husband."

"When girls know what passes on the street, men should ascertain what passes in the house."

"A girl who blushes too often knows too much."

"A diamond without flaws is always sure of a fine setting; so of women, who are always nobly born if they are chaste, modest, and virtuous."

And here is the keystone to the whole arch: *"Nature has made the woman subject to man; but nature abhors slavery."*

To which this other is a commentary: "Even the emperor's daughter is the wife of her husband; and the more she prides herself upon her birth, and makes this circumstance prominent, the less worthy and the more despicable is she."\*

We gain a valuable insight into the condition of woman among the Chinese, and her social position, from an essay by Pan-hoci-pan, the wife of Tsoo-she-shu, a woman justly celebrated among the writers of China.† "We women," remarks Pan-hoci-pan, in this essay, "occupy the lowest place in the human race. We are the weaker part; and our lot should be and is, to be satisfied with the smallest portion of goods and happiness. This is a truth by which we must be penetrated, because it has its influence upon all our conduct, and becomes the source of our happiness if we act in accordance with it. We may not wait till a sorrowful experience forces upon us the conviction of what we really are. When, in the old times, a female child was born into the world, it was left for three days without care. A few old rags at the bedside of its mother formed its resting-place; and for three days the family avocations were uninterrupted, as though there had been no addition to its number. At the end of that time the parents first took notice of the child. The poor mother received her family; the babe was cared for; and then the family proceeded to the hall of ancestors. The father bore the daughter in his arms—those who accompanied him carried two bricks, and they stood in mute worship for some time before the altar and the tablets."

"The silence with which the new-born girl is received in the world," proceeds Pan-hoci-pan, "the loud joy manifested at the birth of a boy,

the contempt displayed for the girl, these show sufficiently how unimportant she is considered. Her bed of rags upon the floor signifies that she is to assume the lowest place in the house, and to earn for herself the respect [poor Pan-hoci-pan says nothing of *love*] of her friends, by the constant practice of the virtues of her sex. A maiden is not upon the earth always to remain a maiden. She is to become a wife in a strange family, and in this new condition there are new duties for her, the fulfillment of which consists not in that she readily performs them when required, but in that she anticipates the wishes of all her new relatives. . . . Wise men seem satisfied if their wives are apt and obedient; if they do not mix in matters foreign to their household; if they are humble, and never jealous; and if, lastly, they do not prefer their own children above those of the other wives of the husband."

"I can understand," she proceeds, "how the husband, who only returns to the bosom of his family to rest from the fatigue of business, may be satisfied with his wives: if they possess, among them all, the chief virtues of their sex; but I can not comprehend how each woman can be happy without possessing *all* her womanly qualities." Whereupon she energetically exhorts wives to have more reverence for their husbands, and to be more circumspect in their own conduct. She inquires, "What qualities should be cultivated to make the wife especially charming?" These are, she says, "virtue, her tongue, her person, and her conduct." The virtue of a woman, she thinks, should be immaculate and without even the stain of suspicion. She should never appear angry, vexed, childish, or mean. Her language should be ever decent, soft, measured, and to the purpose. She should not be silent—much less a talker. Small or low talk she is to avoid; but on the other hand she must not speak affectedly or learnedly. "Vanity," she writes, quite shrewdly, "is the weakness most common to both sexes; and vanity which wounds our own self-love, offends us the most. But this shows itself most easily in conversation; and *that woman is safest who speaks as little as possible.*"

"Personal beauty a woman can not create for herself; but the wife whose voice and look are ever mild and amiable; whose person and clothing are neat and clean; whose ornaments are tastefully chosen, and who is modest in words and actions, is always beautiful to her lord."

"As for her daily life, the wife must perform all her household labors at the proper times, without undue haste, with industry and quietly, with grace, and without useless waste."

And, in conclusion, she recommends to her sisters love and obedience toward the husband,

\* See Memoires concernant les Chinois, p.p. Missionnaires de Pe-kin, t. x.

† Ibid, t. iii.

and amiability toward all his relatives, as the best means of happiness.

The women of China appear in public only when necessary business forces them thither. The wives of sailors and canal-boatmen, of porters, day-laborers, and farmers, accompany their husbands, and assist them in their labors. The wives and daughters of the middle and higher classes remain at home, and perform much the same unobtrusive duties which fell to the lot of wives and daughters of well-to-do tradesmen and merchants in our own New England thirty years ago—before every body got rich. The front of a respectable Chinese dwelling has no windows, and but one door, which is always securely locked. The interior opens upon a court, in which are gardens, summer-houses, artificial rock-work, a pond with gold-fish, birds in cages, and such grotesque toys as Chinese taste imagines beautiful. Here the mother and her daughters pass the day—perform much of their daily routine work of sewing and embroidery—receive the visits of their female relatives, and amuse themselves with the music of the lute, reading romances and poetry, conversation and chess. The visits of a Chinese lady of standing are never made on foot, but either in a sedan chair, a carriage, or, if by water, in a boat.

The education of the daughters of the lower classes is limited to those simple moral teachings which underlie the family and social life of the Flowery Kingdom. These embrace reverence for the Deity, for the civil authorities, the ancestors, the parents, and elder relatives; the duty of loving and protecting her younger brothers and sisters; of benevolence, patience, industry, and honesty in word and deed. To this the mother adds thorough instruction in household duties.

Besides this, the girls of the better classes are also taught reading and writing, and some of the intricacies of their mother tongue—the most difficult to be mastered of all modern languages. We learn from the pictures of life given in Chinese romances, that the celestial fair ones not only write letters but also poetry, and that many pay much attention to the acquisition of an elegant literary style. Also they play upon the lute and other musical instruments, embroider, plait, and weave fine work. But young girls do not go abroad. Their life is within the house; they see no male company, and in their amusements are restricted to the society of their relatives and servants, in the halls and gardens of their homes. And as the female sex does not attend on public worship in China, it follows that the social intercourse between young people, which makes European and American society so lively and charming, not only has no existence, but is, even

so far as a mere acquaintance goes, rendered almost impossible.

But love is mighty, and breaks through even the stout walls of Chinese feminine reserve. The consequence of their restricted movements is, that the hearts of the celestial fair are unusually susceptible and ready to be enlisted in favor of the first comer. And accident, Cupid's best helper, does the rest. A chance meeting is the stock opening for a Chinese love story, and the flame which results from this contact is assiduously fed by sentimental billet-doux, of which confidential servants are the ready carriers. The Chinese novels, tales, romances, are full of such instances, where two young people meeting for a moment and by accident, immediately conceive the most intense passion for each other, arrange clandestine meetings, write letters, exchange promises of unswerving and life-long fidelity, make pathetic assaults upon the unsusceptible hearts of matter-of-fact parents, and—legitimate conclusion to a story in the Central Flowery Kingdom, as well as in the Universal Yankee Nation—after much impatient waiting, and no end of despair, at length are happily married. In one feature, however, there is a lack. The Brother of the sun, moon, and stars allows no convenient Gretna Green in his empire; and implicit obedience to parents being not only the first, but *all* the commandments in the celestial decalogue, such a thing as a runaway match is unknown.

A Chinese novelist lays down the axiom that "young men are by nature not only lovers but *in love*. They no sooner see a pretty woman than instantly the vague passion which has been, so to speak, held in suspense within them, is centered upon her."

He continues, "From the earliest times there have been lovers who have remained faithful through all discouraging circumstances. But one should await in patience and with good heart, the consummation of such unions. For even mountains and rivers, which have no experience of this passion of love, are at length united; and he who really loves does not fear to be forgotten." And of married love, this celestial fiction-monger remarks, "You may well wish that love should double with years, but beware lest it do not last half the journey of life."

The power of love, the doubts, the longings, trusts, jealousies, hopes, and disappointments of lovers form the staple of Chinese novel literature, and are pictured with all that ardor of language which has gone out among ourselves, with the last generation of novel writers and the Minerva press. Moon, stars, flowers, and running brooks are called to witness the sufferings or joys of the hero and heroine. But in the strongest

bursts of passion, the lovers remember their obdurate parents, and, restraining the violence of their feelings, seek to bear in patience the sorrows of their love. Thus, Yoo-sien, a noble virgin, pondering on suicide, after being parted from her lover, cries out, "But, no. I am the only daughter. Who, should I die, would kindle the incense over their graves? Let me rather bear and endure my mournful fate, and serve and reverence my parents till their death!"\*

It must not be supposed, however, that the parental heart is always obstinate in China. The course of true love often does run smooth, and then comes the marriage, which, according to celestial ethics, is the most important of human ties, and the foundation-stone of good morals. And as married life is thus heaven-ordained, it is farther maintained that all marriages are made in heaven—which must be a comforting reflection to those hapless brides who see their husbands for the first time on their wedding day.

The theory of the Chinese government and life is, that the law must cover all imaginable cases, and must prescribe the conduct of every event in the life of the citizen, whom it protects and burdens. Accordingly so prominent and important an event as marriage can only come to pass in accordance with certain prescribed formalities. In the first place, the solemn consent of the families of the two contracting parties is necessary—and this whether the happy pair be of age or not—whether they are own children or adopted. This consent obtained, the articles of the marriage contract and the value of the presents are decided. Having gone so far as this, the matter is virtually settled. Not unfrequently quarrels among the relatives threaten the happiness of the expectant pair; but the law sternly steps in to their assistance, and not only requires that a contract once agreed upon shall not be broken, but also punishes with the bastinado the refractory individual, be this father, mother, or more distant relative.

It is not unusual for parents to betroth their children during the infancy of these—and such contracts are held inviolate. On the other hand cousins are not permitted to marry; nor persons possessing the same family name, though there may be no actual relationship. Public officers are still more circumscribed in their marital choice. They must not marry into families who live within their jurisdiction—for a very evident and sufficient reason; neither may they marry actresses, public singers, or any females who in any way amuse the public in exhibitions.

\*See "The Flower-Leaf," a Chinese epic, translated by H. King, St. Gallen, 1836, p. 103.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY E. L. BICKNELL.

THERE'S a lofty fane on the English isle,  
In wondrous grandeur, awe-inspiring—  
There's the lore of Time in that massive pile,  
And gloomy greatness, world-retiring.

And its vaulted domes have echoed long  
The proudest deeds of man's achieving—  
With its guarded dead lie the lips of song,  
And kings, no traitor's smile deceiving.

There are tones which fall from the solemn past,  
On thought, the saddest changes ringing—  
From the cloister tread, to the concourse vast  
Of loyal hearts to sovereigns clinging.

There the crown has pressed on a fated head,  
While bolder monarchs claimed the wearing—  
There have wedded queens, in an hour unwed,  
Gone forth, their fatal sorrow bearing.

With the worship paid, in those dim, old aisles,  
To ermined forms and mystic story,  
Was the prayer for peace, and princes' smiles  
Which rose from the soldier's bed of glory.

There's the living pomp of man's display,  
And marbled praise of good reposing;  
There is flatter'd by blazoned o'er decay—  
Like music at a battle's closing.

'Tis a monument of the proudest name,  
A nation's chronicles enshrining,  
And the brightest star, in its sky of fame,  
On England's noble queen is shining.

## ROCK RIVER.

BY MARY J. BRAINARD.

I HAVE stood on thy banks, gentle river,  
And watched thy bright waters below,  
And my thoughts wandered back from the present,  
To the scenes of the far long ago;  
When a race that like snow-wreaths have vanished,  
Launched their rude bark canoes on thy tide;  
And gazed over forest and meadow,  
And called them their own in their pride.

I have gazed when thy waters, unrippled,  
Reflected the soft summer cloud;  
I have seen thee when autumn wailed round thee,  
When the storm and the tempest were loud.  
I have thought when a few years were over,  
Thou would'st still roll in beauty the same;  
When this hand unto dust shall be given,  
And lost and forgotten my name.

Then another may stand where I'm standing,  
Beneath the same blue sky above;  
Whose heart shall be warmed by thy beauty,  
And throbbing with life-hopes and love;  
While I shall have passed from earth's sorrows,  
And bidden adieu to its strife,  
And reached the fair home of the blessed,  
Beside the bright River of Life.

## PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

BY REV. B. F. TEFPT, D. D.

THE death of this well-known correspondent and former editor of the *Ladies' Repository* has been announced throughout the country. He died as the sun was rising, on the 4th of May, 1859, and was followed to his last resting-place by a very large concourse of his friends in Greencastle, and from other localities of Indiana. He was laid by the side of his wife, who had preceded him in death by about four months, and near the grave of his little daughter, Rosabelle, whom he had deposited, with his own hands, within the shaded inclosure now occupied by himself, just thirteen years before the day of his own burial.

There, then, they lie—father, mother, child—the little one having led the way to open the gate of paradise to those so soon coming after her. There they lie together, in sweet and sacred fellowship, beneath the shade of that consecrated spot—that beautiful Rosabower—which the parents had selected among the trees in the rear of their cottage home for their loved and lost, and which they have since rendered, by pious care and tasteful cultivation, a charmed retreat for the sleeping of the dead. There they lie at rest, on the slope of that green and graceful hillock, which, though but little removed from the public street, has been so covered and secured by trees and shrubbery as to seem secluded; and there they will lie undisturbed, I trust, till the morning of the resurrection. Days, and months, and years will come and go, but no change of time will rouse or reach the quiet of their sleep. The little songsters of spring, pouring out the fullness of their joy, will come and build their annual nests above their heads, and sing over them their morning and evening hymns, but wake not the slumbering ear, nor touch the silent heart of those dear ones, who, while in life, heard no minstrelsy that gave them such delight as the voices of these birds. The little brook, that starts so near the cottage, the playmate of the darling Rosabelle, with whose ripples she used to toy as with the caresses of another child—that brook, which, to the surviving parents, became almost a second Rosabelle, as the remaining partner of this affection—will prattle and trip along in perpetual youthfulness, here advancing toward the home where the living dwelt, there softly stealing around the base of the grave-covered hillock, and falling at last into the unruffled lake that reflects upon the unconscious dead the earliest purple of the morning, but no more to remind the father or the mother of their sorrow, nor to send their best thoughts forward to that world, where the

departed do live again, and where the lost are found. The shrubs that grow about these graves, and the trees of the surrounding orchard, selected with skill and nurtured with care, under the fond expectation of beholding their bloom and eating of their fruit in old age, will blossom and will bear, but not for those who were cheered and sustained in the labor of planting them by the inspiration of this hope!

Bear with me, thoughtful reader! When I chanced to turn my eye to the scenery of this sacred spot, a rush of recollections came upon me, which I had no power to stop. Who are these sleeping ones? The first, a little child, whose life was but a bud of nature, whose existence was too brief to have been perverted; and the other two the most passionate lovers of nature whom it has ever been my lot to know. No natural object was indifferent to them. They loved not only trees and flowers, which they caused to grow and bloom about them in such profusion, but every thing having life and breath, and every thing natural but without life, from the pebble that their child might bring them from the bubbling spring, to the heavenly bodies rolling in grandeur and glory in the firmament above. It was to them the very life of life to go out and witness the works of their great Creator—to look upon the woods, and plains, and hills—to gaze upon the swelling river or the winding stream—to stand upon the shore of ocean and watch the rising and falling of his waves—to sit down together, or separately, beneath the protection of some wide-branching tree, and survey the sparkling scenery of night, letting the soul off to those silent worlds, ranging through the wide fields of space, flying on the car of thought from star to star and from constellation to constellation, rejoicing in what their eyes beheld, and mourning over the fate of those who had gone where neither sun nor star might ever more be seen. They were both firm believers in the Christian system; they believed and hoped as all true Christians do in relation to their coming immortality and eternal life; but their minds were of such a cast, so full of native sympathy with the natural universe, that I have heard them wonder, in these times of high communion with the works of God, how it could be possible for a human being, who had been an ardent admirer of nature, to be made even tolerably happy, whatever might be his condition, in a state of existence where he could never look again upon the beautiful scenery of the present world. But here now they lie, their senses closed in death, with no eye to see and no ear to listen to the smallest operation in this wondrous maze of material life, through which they have been so long accus-

tomed to receive the highest and holiest joys, not only of the natural sensibilities, but of their faith itself, covered by the soil on which they have poured out their love and taste, but never more to scent the flowers which their hands have planted, nor to feel one ray of that life-giving orb, whose beams gave them a perpetual delight and spread such bloom and verdure around their cottage home. When persons die, whose satisfaction has been found in the inward operations of the soul, or in an outward life not connecting them with the beautiful of the natural world, there is less pain in beholding them pass away from scenes in which they took no special pleasure; but on the departure of individuals of this peculiar character, whose souls received every thing through the conscious mediation of the Creator's works, it is oppressive to think that they have gone where there may be no perception of what was once their joy; and we lay them down, and leave them in their lowly state, convinced that the almighty God, whose skill and power are equal to his promises, *must* have provided for them a more glorious residence, where their first and faintest happiness will be the surprise at finding every thing around them transcending in beauty the most blissful scenes of earth!

It is not my purpose to write at large respecting the three tenants of Rosabower. The life and character of little Rosabelle have been long since embalmed by the genius of her father. The mother's history has been very faithfully portrayed, with only occasional and very pardonable errata, by the clear and sympathetic pen of Professor Nutt. My task lies with him, who was the friend of my early years, the benefactor of my youth and opening manhood, concerning whom it is not only a labor of love but a work of gratitude for me to write; and in committing these lines to paper, at every period of which my heart throbs with unutterable sorrow, I am only fulfilling a promise made to my departed brother many long years ago, on condition that I should happen to survive him.

WILLIAM CLARK LARRABEE, LL. D., was born on Cape Elizabeth, near the city of Portland, Maine, on the 23d day of December, 1802. His earliest years were spent in absolute obscurity. The first of his recollections, as he once told me, were those of poverty and of labor. While yet a small boy, he left his humble home to live with a gentleman, an entire stranger, in the neighboring town of Durham. I have often seen the house and the farm where his boyhood was spent; I have conversed with those who knew him at this period of his youth; and to this day there are lingering in the memories of the aged of that

neighborhood recollections of those peculiarities of his character, which went with him to the very last. In physical appearance, he was small, but healthy, ruddy, sprightly, and seemingly ready for almost any hardship. Mentally, he was quick to perceive, quicker still to feel, curious to know, full of questions beyond the verge of ordinary boyhood, delighted with the society and conversation of old people, and passionately fond of books. Morally, he was not only of an upright disposition, remarkable for his juvenile integrity, a natural love of the truth, and given to defend the weak, but positively religious in his bearing, for he never could remember the time when he was not in the habit of attending regularly to private prayer. It was not till the latter part of his fourteenth year, however, that he experienced conversion, at which date he made an open profession of religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

By this time, he had become well acquainted with the practical operations of a farm; and for the next six years he continued to labor, wherever he could meet with the best opportunity, at the only employment which Providence had permitted him to learn. All his winters, however, had been spent at the district school; he had always there been the most industrious student of his class; and when the school-hours were over, and the duties of the hours following were dispatched, by which he was accustomed to pay for his board, he ever devoted the long evenings to his studies. His application at this period of his life must have been extraordinary; it certainly was successful; for of all the literary men of my acquaintance, I have never known an individual whose accuracy in the common branches of an English education was so great. It has been my lot to receive communications, private as well as for publication, from some of the most noted *literati* of our day, in which glaring errors in grammar and even in orthography would appear; I have also received, within the last seven and twenty years, not less than five or six hundred communications from my friend, some formal epistles, but the most of them off-hand letters and notes of the most familiar character; I have also read in manuscript, sometimes editorially, sometimes in a private and friendly way, every work he has given to the public, and more than half of the many fugitive articles which have issued from his pen; and yet I can here say, on the best of my recollection, that I never saw a grammatical or orthographical erratum in even the first draft of any sentence, however hastily composed, coming from his hand. This is the highest proof of his early training; and, as that training was entirely his own, it shows the re-

markable closeness of his perception and the tenacity of his memory.

At the age of nineteen, without his application or consent, he was made an exhorter by the authorities of the Church; and he was soon afterward licensed as a local preacher, not only without his consent, but against his wishes, his brethren imputing to diffidence what must have had a more fundamental basis. He always felt that he was thrust into the ministry against his will; and his subsequent silence and seeming acquiescence sprung from a conscientious fear, that his advisers might be in the right, and that his reluctance might possibly be a sin; but I have heard him say, probably a hundred times within the last twenty-five years, and often as far back as twenty-five years ago, that he never could feel satisfied that he was called to preach. His favorite maxim was, that "he was called to do good;" and he certainly justified this calling by many services rendered to the Church; but he never engaged in the active ministry, always regarding his connection with a conference as a matter of more concern to the various interests with which he stood successively connected, than it was to him. This acquiescence may have been right or wrong; it is my purpose only to state the facts as I know them to be, not to advocate or defend; and I think it a fact, which is quite essential to the comprehension of his subsequent life, that he became a minister, not from personal convictions, but from a conscientious doubt. He was led in this direction the more easily, also, because of certain peculiar views he had of his being a child of Providence, and because he never was entirely able to say *no* to the solicitations of those who had made themselves his benefactors, or whom he regarded as his friends.

When twenty years of age, by the advice of a Congregational clergyman of Maine, who had watched the young man's career of labor and of study, and who was accustomed to predict for him a brilliant and useful future, he undertook to obtain a liberal education. He had by this time, in addition to the usual branches of a common school, already mastered algebra and made some progress in the Latin language. He now began in earnest a preparation for college. But he was as poor as ever, and had to make his advancement on the usual terms of poverty. In the summer he labored by the month at farming; in the winter he taught school; but, summer and winter, every spare hour by day, and a large portion of every night, were given to his books. The result was, that, at the commencement of Bowdoin College, one of the most eminent institutions of New England, in the autumn of 1825, where he went to be examined as a freshman, he

was found qualified for the second year, and was consequently, greatly to his surprise, admitted as a sophomore. He here found an abundance of competition; many of his competitors, born of rich parents, had known nothing in their life but study; others, like Franklin Pierce, late President of the United States, had been compelled to do something for themselves; none of them, however, had seen his hardships; none had struggled against so many disadvantages; he struggled on to the end of his college course, and, though compelled to teach school every winter to pay his way, while a majority of his fellow-students remained in college, he graduated in 1828 with the *second* honors of his class. In the year 1834, on my first visit to Bowdoin College, I asked Professor Cleveland what sort of a reciter Mr. Larrabee had been. "Whether he knew his lesson or not," replied the Professor, "no man could corner him."

Immediately after graduation, at the recommendation of Professor Upham, he was elected Principal of the Alfred Academy, at that time one of the most prominent institutions of its grade in New England. He here entered upon the employment of his life with great earnestness. He taught from six to eight, and sometimes ten hours, per day. Still retaining his parchment as a clergyman, he seldom preached; but he labored for the religious welfare of his students, in a social way, with great energy and zeal; and his labors were so owned and blessed, that a revival began very soon after his connection with the academy, which spread among the citizens of the village, and resulted in the formation of the now large and flourishing Methodist Church in that literary place.

In 1830 the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, was opened for students; and Mr. Larrabee was called to take charge, under the general oversight of Dr. Fisk. He was the next year elected Principal of the Oneida Conference Seminary, the oldest Methodist institution of its rank in New York, and still one of the most ably conducted and successful in the country. He had been immediately preceded in this position by Augustus W. Smith, LL. D., a gentleman of high scholarship, and as thorough an instructor as any seminary, however high, could wish. The number of students found by Mr. Larrabee at Cazenovia, nevertheless, was small. With his natural energy and ardor, he went to work for the best good of the institution; the course of study was revised; new and popular arrangements were introduced; every thing was done which a most fertile genius for expedients could devise for the elevation and enlargement of the school; and, among the most

important and successful of all the labors of the new Principal, must be classed his untiring efforts for the promotion of religion among the students. The first winter after his incumbency began the seminary was visited by a revival, which, as at Alfred, worked outward into the village, and resulted in the erection of the large stone church standing opposite to the seminary campus.

It was at the beginning of Mr. Larrabee's second year at this seminary, in the spring of 1832, that the writer of this article went to Cazenovia as a student. One of the first things that impressed me was the unbounded popularity of the Principal, not only with the people, but more especially with the pupils. He was remarkable for the frank and easy manner of his intercourse with those under his charge, and for his peculiar kindness to those who came to the institution, either absolutely poor, or embarrassed by any thing like persecution. As a specimen of his character, at this time, and of those habits by which he had gained such an ascendancy over the good opinion of the public, I will give an extract from the copy of a letter written by one of the students of the institution to another student, when both parties had seen enough of subsequent life to enable them to relish so characteristic a reminiscence of their old Preceptor: "For several years," says the writer of the letter, "I had been occupying my school vacation, and other scraps of time in reading law with my father; and these years had been followed by two or three more in the office of a neighboring lawyer; but just as I was completing, or rather had completed, this course of study, and was beginning to take part in the business of my master, who was a rank skeptic, my attention was turned toward religion, and I experienced conversion. A powerful revival followed. Excepting my mother and youngest sister, there was not a Methodist in the village, or in the town; the nearest appointment for Methodist preaching was about eight miles away; and so, resolving to join the Church of my mother, though despised and ridiculed by nearly every other relative and friend I had on earth, I sent for a Methodist preacher to come and establish a preaching appointment in a district school-house. He came; a class was formed, which consisted of my mother, my sister, an old Presbyterian clergyman, and myself; and the preacher appointed me, in spite of every remonstrance I could make, the leader. This was the signal for the rise of something like a settled persecution. The gentleman with whom I had read requested me to leave his office, as he would have no Methodist in it. My father, who had no good opinion of practical religion, and who had a great contempt for Methodism, not finding it pos-

sible to persuade me out of my convictions, was induced to use severity, first sending me to work with a skeptical blacksmith at pounding iron, and then sending me out upon the world to depend entirely upon myself. Accepting the hard condition of going out single-handed and alone, rather than leave the Church of my choice, I spent the following winter in teaching school; and the next spring, tying up all the goods I had in the world, excepting my books, in a cotton handkerchief, with fourteen dollars and a half in my pocket, I started on foot for Cazenovia, between fifty and sixty miles away, where I knew nobody, and nobody knew me. Eating crackers and drinking water along the journey, and spending just a New York sixpence for a night's lodging, late in the afternoon of the second day I stood at the big front door of the institution, the dust and perspiration having combined to make me a character to the well-dressed students standing about the door-way. I inquired for the Principal of the seminary. He soon appeared, and I was as badly puzzled to solve the mystery of his appearance as he could have been to make out mine. It was the day before the opening of the term; he had been 'overseeing' the work of taking down stoves, which, in his case, was always synonymous with doing nearly all the work himself; he was covered, from head to feet, with soot; and his general aspect was so much worse than mine that I began at once to feel quite easy in my address. Principal Soot and student Dust soon dispatched what was essential to the occasion, the one returning to his stove-pipes and brooms, the other starting off to find the place where a poor youth could find quarters in which to board himself. We were friends from that moment; and I may now add that, depending for a term of eleven weeks on hard study, and a bountiful diet of excellent crackers and the best of pure spring water, which had cost me all the money in my hands excepting a solitary half-dollar, with which I was about sallying out into the big world again in quest of employment for the fall and winter, on the last week of the term I received my first call from the Principal of the institution. After getting from me all my little history, and what I intended for the future, he handed me an unsealed letter. It was addressed to me; and I found, to my astonishment, that it informed me of my appointment, by the Trustees of the Seminary, to the position of assistant teacher in Mathematics. This was to end, and did end, all my pecuniary trouble. Seeing at once whose work it was, I wept like a child out of simple gratitude, and the Principal almost beat me at the business, being moved to it, probably, partly by contagion, and yet more by the reflective

influences of a good deed done to a youth of nineteen, who must have reminded him more or less of his own hard beginning. Many years afterward, when we had been for a long time connected by the closest ties, he asked me what it was that gave me such friendship at first sight. I told him it was his kind and affectionate manner of treating me, a stranger needy of such treatment. After a while I ventured to ask him what he saw in me that prompted him to confer such a favor. 'Grit,' said he, in his quick, prompt style of speaking; that was all the eulogy I could get with which to prop up my vanity; and the probability is, that I really had *grit* enough in my mouth, at the moment of our first introduction, to last any ordinary lad for a generation." The Principal, however, did not do himself justice in this answer. Whatever else he might have beheld in the dust-covered student, it was evidently the student's "little history" of poverty and trouble, which had reached Cazenovia before his own arrival, that roused a noble heart; and this is only one among a multitude of incidents combining them, and remembered now, in proof of the singular benevolence of Mr. Larrabee's natural disposition.

Professor Larrabee remained at Cazenovia from the spring of 1831 to the summer of 1835, during which period the number of students multiplied beyond all precedent. A very able faculty was brought together by his selection, among whom are to be particularly remembered the present William H. Allen, LL. D., now President of Girard College, and John Johnston, LL. D., Professor in the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. Nothing was left unperformed that could raise the standard of scholarship; and the hundreds of students sent forth, scores of whom have since become eminent in public life, among whom may be mentioned such gentlemen as the Rev. H. M. Johnson, D. D., Professor in Dickinson College, and an author of no small reputation; Perlee B. Wilber, A. M., President of the Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati; Rev. L. L. Knox, A. M., recently Principal of the East Maine Conference Seminary; Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D., well known as a preacher and author of the first class; Rev. Thomas Bowman, D. D., President of the Indiana Asbury University; Rev. Henry Bannister, D. D., Professor in the Garrett Biblical Institute; Rev. S. M. Vail, D. D., Professor in the Biblical Institute at Concord; and Rev. Erastus Wentworth, D. D., late President of M'Kendree College, and now our able missionary in China, are enough to prove that the efforts in this direction were not unavailing. The list, however, of distinguished alumni of Cazenovia, sent out during

the four years of Mr. Larrabee's incumbency, is too lengthy for a paragraph; and I will condense it by saying, that, among the number, I have counted by recollection, without a scrap to assist my memory, not less than seven presidents of colleges, twelve professors in colleges, twenty-seven principals of seminaries, twelve editors of religious periodicals, besides an irrecoverable list of authors, writers, preceptors of academies, and of other characters of literary standing. It would have been impossible, in fact, at that time, to find another similar institution in this country, with so complete a course of study, under so able a management, and so successful in the department of instruction. But the better part of Mr. Larrabee's success, while at Cazenovia, was that which sprung from his labors in the cause of practical religion. Seconded by such thorough evangelists as the Rev. George Peck, D. D., Rev. Joseph Castle, D. D., and the Rev. John Dempster, D. D., who, successively or jointly, had charge of the church at Cazenovia at this period, Mr. Larrabee never failed, for a solitary term of his principalship, summer or winter, to enjoy a revival among the students. Some of these revivals were the most glorious, the most triumphant, which it has ever been my privilege to witness. On one occasion, every student but one, out of some three or four hundred, either had been professors of religion before coming there, or had experienced conversion at the seminary meetings. That one exceptional student, finding it impossible to remain and resist the influences of the place, suddenly took stage for home; but he was converted on the way; and without proceeding farther, he returned to tell the story of his flight, and to complete and justify the jubilee at once proclaimed by the members of the institution. At such times, Mr. Larrabee, who was not gifted with that sort of eloquence which prevails in revivals, and is supposed to be adapted to them, would seldom speak more than a very few words together, but would sit and grow red and pale by turns, while the big drops rolling down his face evinced the depth of his feelings, and melted every other eye to tears.

The attachment of Mr. Larrabee to his native state, which remained with him to the end, seemed sometimes to approach the fervor of a passion; and it was for this cause mainly, that, being invited in 1834 to return and take charge of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, which Professor Caldwell was about leaving for his professorship at Carlisle, he accepted the proposition. He entered upon this new field of labor in 1835; and he here had a repetition, in almost every particular, of his remarkable success at Cazenovia. The school at once filled up to its utmost capacity; new

buildings had to be erected for the accommodation of the students; the whole system of classification and of study was revised and considerably expanded; great pains were taken to elevate the standard of scholarship and to raise the ambition of the pupils; revival after revival sprung up and swept the institution; a lofty tone of religious and literary feeling constantly prevailed within its walls; and it is not too much to say, at this distance of time, that eternity alone will ever be able to reveal the good done by the Principal of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary during the six years of his popular and able management. Its alumni were sent out into nearly every state and territory as teachers. At least three hundred of them became teachers in the academies, and in the common schools, of Maine. All the professions were largely replenished by them. Not a few, like the Hon. Henry P. Torsey, present Principal of the institution, and the Rev. Joseph Cummings, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, have risen to places of distinction. Mr. Larrabee's administration was particularly distinguished for raising up ministers of the Gospel, many of whom have made themselves known abroad, while a still larger number remained to bless the cause of morals and of piety at home. Several years subsequent to the period of which I am writing, I cast my eye over the membership of the old Maine conference, before its division, and was surprised to find that nearly twenty-five per cent. of the active members were the alumni of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary during the principalship of Mr. Larrabee; and, at this moment, in both the conferences of his native state, as they now stand, a large proportion of the leading spirits are they who look back to him as the chief instrument in fitting them for their high and holy calling. The seminary, however, was not his only field of usefulness. One of the years of his incumbency at this institution, in connection with Dr. Jackson, of Boston, he was appointed to make the geological survey of Maine; one year he was a visitor to the Military Academy at West Point; and, during all these years, his influence was largely felt on every question, religious, educational, and political, throughout the state.

In the winter of 1840-41 Mr. Larrabee received a strong call to accept the professorship of Mathematics in the Asbury University of Indiana; and, as I have spoken of his passion for his native hills, as well as for other reasons, I must here give the cause that led him to abandon those hills, and make for himself a new home in a distant and unknown land. I have mentioned his benevolence. It may be added that he was

not only unselfish, but improvident, in his charities. He would give to poor students, in particular, as long as he had a dollar in his pocket. He received no salary from the institution, but agreed to pay himself and all expenses out of the receipts for tuition, a suicidal contract for any man to make. There being no book-store near the place, he undertook to furnish the students with books and stationery at cost; the most indigent of them had as good a credit at his counter as the richest; every one of them was able to possess himself of a good classical library on the easy condition of paying for it when he could; and the result of all this well-meant charity was, that, at the end of five years, he found himself irretrievably embarrassed for the want of money, while he had thousands of dollars charged upon his books not worth the paper that contained the record of these assets. Committing all his affairs to the discretion of Lot M. Morrill, Esq., now Governor of Maine, a most judicious and honorable man, he accepted of the Indiana professorship, and went to begin and build anew the fortunes of his life.

The position and labors of Professor Larrabee in Indiana, during the eighteen years of his western residence, are very widely known and understood. For eleven years, from 1841 to 1852, he quietly but faithfully performed the duties of his office, giving variety to his daily occupations by the composition of numerous articles contributed to the columns of the *Ladies' Repository*, and in the writing out of several works, the materials for which he had gathered at an earlier day. In the spring of 1852 he was elected editor of the above-mentioned magazine; but he never entered fully into that position; and in the autumn of this year, on being elected Superintendent of Public Instruction for the state of Indiana, he resigned the place altogether. At the expiration of his term of two years in this field of labor, he was elected Superintendent of the Asylum for the Blind at Indianapolis, where he remained till re-elected Superintendent of Public Instruction in 1856, the duties of which office kept him in public employment till within a few months of his decease.

Such is the condensed record of the last eighteen years of Professor Larrabee's eventful life. That, on the whole, his residence in Indiana made a wide and favorable impression upon the leading minds and general population of that intelligent and enterprising state, is sufficiently established by the places he successively and without intermission occupied. When I say, however, that, from the day of his arrival in Indiana to the moment of his death, he never was more than half himself—only a part of what he had

been before his removal to the west—I am stating only what I know to be the simple truth. Much as he admired the land of his adoption, and heartily as he entered into the sympathies and customs of its population, he always felt himself to be, as I also know, in a false position at the west. He used to say that he knew not why he felt so, but did feel so, in spite of his success, and in spite of every effort he could make. What he could not entirely comprehend was plain enough to those who had known him in his earlier years. First of all, he felt himself to be, for the first few years, a sort of foreigner, a Yankee, among a people quite homogeneous and generally from the border or southern states. Next, he had left behind him the land of his affections, where—as Governor Morrill remarked to me last year in a familiar note—“his heart had always anchored,” and which he once said to me he never could consent not to tread upon at least once a year. Then, when he entered Indiana, he was a man dispirited by his pecuniary troubles; the feeling of self-dependence had been shaken; the prestige of unlimited and unbroken prosperity was gone; he had fallen, too, as it seemed to him, not only in the great calling of his life, the calling of doing good, but in consequence of his faithfulness and zeal in the fulfillment of his mission; his good deeds had apparently not borne the fruit expected, but had been largely rewarded by misfortune and sometimes by ingratitude; the fresh and exhilarating aroma of a strong and self-determined career had partially exhaled; and the consequence was, that, when he set his foot upon the soil of his adopted state, baffled and weakened, he had begun to decline into that hesitating and melancholy view of life, which sanguine temperaments are so apt to derive from disappointment. Finally, in all former posts of labor, he had been at the head of affairs, the official and acknowledged leader, where he had been stimulated to do his utmost; he had become accustomed, not only to command in his own business, but to *confer* rather than *receive* outside social influence; he now suddenly found himself second in an institution, which, excepting in its chartered privileges, was at that time in no way superior to those in which he had been the ruling spirit; he saw nothing to rouse the there unknown but really unbounded energy of his disposition, nor any thing to call out the inexhaustible fertility of his genius; he could do with his little finger, so to speak, the few plain duties of his subordinate position, while all the remainder of what he had been, and still was, was dying out of him for the want of action; and so suddenly and steadily did these enervating influences work upon him, that, with all his success, the Larrabee

of Alfred, of Middletown, of Cazenovia, of Readfield, was never for one moment either seen or known in Indiana. It was Napoleon at Elba and not at Marengo and Austerlitz.

Whatever he was, however, in the one locality or in the other, he has gone away from earth to return to it no more forever! His example alone remains; and in this the youth of other generations may see the possibility of rising to eminence from the lowest circumstances and in spite of the hardest lot. It would be impossible, in a single paragraph, to do justice to this example. Professor Larrabee was a thorough scholar, a great reader, and a man of universal information. He was not an orator, nor even an elegant speaker, but his addresses, nevertheless, always riveted the attention of his audience. In his earlier years, he was not a very strong or graceful writer. Before going to the west, he had written many literary addresses; but in no one of them had he exhibited any particular mastery of style; and I remember hearing Dr. Fisk remark, as he was laying down one of these performances handed him for perusal by myself, that “his old friend was evidently not aiming to shine in composition.” This judgment, at the time, was exactly just. Up to that period, Professor Larrabee had been a man of action, giving himself to the duties of his position. He always had in him, however, the elements of a writer. He had great knowledge, good taste, strong feeling, and an energy sufficient to carry him to any pitch of perfection in art that he might chance to covet. On finding himself “without occupation,” as he used to term that part of his life spent in college, he began to turn his attention with more earnestness to literature; and he there and then wrote out his work on the “Scientific Evidences of Christianity,” which, though received with favor by the public, has not yet secured the popularity it merits. This was followed by his “Wesley and his Coadjutors,” and his “Asbury and his Coadjutors,” written expressly for easy fireside perusal, which meet exactly the demand they were intended to supply, and which have had, I believe, a very extensive circulation. His next and final publication was “Rosabower,” a collection of his fugitive articles, the most of which had been contributed to the pages of the Ladies' Repository, while he was acting as editor, or as a correspondent. This was the work of his affections; and the consequence is, that in it will be found his best title to the rank of a finished writer. The volume is replete with “English undefiled.” Named for the spot where he had laid his charming little Rosabelle, and devoted mainly to the work of snatching from oblivion the virtues of departed friends—the friends of his earlier years—

it abounds with that soft, sorrowing, twilight sentimentality, which always finds a welcome to a person of tender sensibilities, or of a feeling heart. There are pages in it that equal the purest and most perfect style of Addison himself; and I shall be frank enough to say, that I consider the author of the volume the most attractive writer, so far as style is concerned, and particularly in the sentimental style, that has thus far been raised up by the Methodism of the United States. His highest honor, however, stands connected with the cause of education. His recommendation to the west was given by Bishop Soule; and the language of it contained these words: "He is an educator; and he stands at the head of his profession in our Church." This, at the moment, was strictly true; and it may still be said, that he has contributed to the education of a larger number of our most illustrious characters than any other man. These are his claims to our respect; these are the traits to be transmitted to posterity; his errors—for he was human—we will bury with his body; we will recall and repeat the virtues of his soul; we will rejoice that he died well and gave good proof of his departure to a world more pure and beautiful than the one he so loved and left: and when, by accident or design, we stand by the spot where he takes his rest, we will say, as may be said in truth: "Here lies a laborer in the cause of Methodism, a man of a large and generous heart, the struggling student's benefactor, and a friend to humanity, who died in the forgiveness and fellowship of God."

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### TRUTH.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

**M**AN is interested in nothing more than truth. It is in every sense a matter of vast importance to him. In the high career of his destiny not a single step can be taken without it. It is related to every duty which he owes to himself, society, or his Creator. Without it he seeks in vain to know himself; and just in proportion to his want of self-knowledge is his life a failure. Related to society as he is, and to the positive duties growing out of this relationship, truth is a necessity to him. He is utterly nothing, yea, worse than nothing in the social compact, without its intelligent direction to his course of action, since his ignorance of truth puts him in the way of all its progress and happiness. He has a moral nature, and is thus related to the government of the Creator; hence, to fulfill what his destiny calls for, truth is of preëminent importance. And that his destiny may not result in a

tremendous failure, a perfect system of truth, comprehending the whole circle of his duties and responsibilities to the Divine government, has been given in the written revelation of the will of God. That system, fairly examined, must be allowed to have the stamp of superhuman excellence and merit upon it all the way through.

But truth is not only a necessity; it is also an element of happiness. Every species of truth has an ennobling influence upon the mind, and is, therefore, a source of human enjoyment. Truth in philosophy, or science, or government, or mechanism, when discovered, furnishes the mind a reason, as in the case of the triumphant mathematician, for joyfully exclaiming, "ΕΥΡΕΚΑ"—*I have found it!* The acquisition of truth of any description brings with it necessarily an enjoyment correspondent to its value; and that all truth is valuable, certainly none will question.

If, then, it is in the nature of all truth to promote human happiness by elevating and ennobling the mind, the highest style of truth must be an essential element of human happiness. Truth can alone eliminate moral evil from the heart, and harmonize the discordant elements of the human soul. This it does by reconstructing the moral nature and by infusing into it the element of purity and goodness. "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." The only bar to human happiness is moral evil; that removed by the power of divine truth, which is, at once, its high office in the world, happiness is inevitable. The whole philosophy of happiness is compressed in these two lines:

"An end of all my troubles make—  
An end of all my sin."

Truth is also an instrument of power. "Knowledge is power," according to Bacon; but the basis of such knowledge is truth. "A wise man is strong," says Solomon; but truth, in the very nature of the case, must be the foundation of both that wisdom and strength. There is power above every species of truth, since it fills an important niche in every department of human duty and destiny. As a man, the proficient in learning, science, history, government, or mechanism, wields a large measure of power in his several positions in life. Newton, Hutton, Franklin, Jefferson, and Fulton are all examples of this.

As a citizen, such a man's influence is always correspondent to the extent of his apprehension and application of truth in the sphere of the duties of his citizenship; while, as a Christian, truth makes him the center of a tremendous power in the world. What was it that gave Martin Luther such power among men, the pulsations of which

are felt in the great heart of humanity this very moment? It was truth. What was it that gave John Wesley his moral strength, and made him the founder of a religious system, the results of which have peopled heaven, and blessed and are still blessing the earth? It was truth. What made Francis Asbury a mighty instrument of power on this continent, and enabled him to lay the broad foundation upon which the vast fabric of American Methodism is now securely resting? It was truth. Examples, were it necessary, could be multiplied to show the truth of this proposition. The proof of it is a living one in the life and moral force of every good man in the world.

Truth is also a bulwark of defense to any character. Its real majestic and moral grandeur are never so well seen, as when they are exhibited by its progress or in the hour of conflict and trial. Daniel praying when the known penalty of devotion to that duty involved the throwing of his person into the lion's den; or the Hebrew children preferring to be cast into the burning fiery furnace rather than worship the golden image set up by the king; or Luther, amid the ill-advised entreaties of his friends, resolving to attend the Diet at Worms, even "though there should be as many devils there as tiles on the roof," presents a spectacle of moral sublimity such as the annals of martial history never recorded. These noble spirits were nerved and upheld in the hour of their keenest trial; and realized that divine truth was preëminently "their shield and buckler."

A tower of strength is any man who has the consciousness that truth is on his side. He feels the utter powerlessness of all human efforts permanently to wrong a right cause; and under the force of that sublime consciousness he is invincible under any array of adverse circumstances. Truly,

"The noble mind, unconscious of a fault,  
No fortune's frowns can bend, or smiles exalt;  
Like the firm rock, that in mid-ocean braves  
The war of whirlwinds and the dash of waves."

Truth is, lastly, the touch-stone of human destiny. As truth is what posterity will want in reference to the great characters who have been the rulers of the destiny of empires and kingdoms, so truth will be the final test of human destiny at the tribunal of eternity. All the perfections of the divine nature are the perfections of truth; the highest charm of angelic and redeemed spirits is truth; heaven itself is one vast empire of truth; and would man lift himself to the thrones of eternity, truth itself must be the grand power of his elevation, since that alone will be the touch-stone of his final destiny!

## SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

BY SARAH E. WOODWARD.

Thou knowest, O, my Father! yes, thou knowest  
The sadness which my aching bosom fills!  
There 's not a sorrow comes but that thou givest—  
No bitter, but thy loving-kindness wills!  
My tears, as each one falls, are numbered ever!  
Each sigh is noted by thy gracious eye!  
Each hour of trial shall my spirit sever  
From earthly things, and draw it to the sky!  
My Father, 't is thy *loving-kindness* mingles  
This cup of life which I am drinking here;  
Thy hand it is, which for my spirit singles  
Each taste of joy and peace—of grief and fear!  
And, Father, 't is thy tender hand that leads me  
Along the path which I shall tread below.  
Why should I fear though twilight close around me?  
Why, though the shades of night to blackness grow?  
Is not my guide my God, the all-powerful One?  
Has not my Leader trod the same dark way?  
Will not my Savior end the work begun,  
And bring me to the land of endless day?  
My Father, now in this my perfect weakness,  
Give me strength equal to this trying hour!  
O make my spirit bow in humble meekness,  
And learn *this lesson* of thy mighty power!  
Help me by faith to conquer every feeling  
Which would oppose what e'er thy love prepares;  
And, with each trial, O thyself revealing,  
Do thou, my Savior, chase away my fears!

## PETER'S SORROW.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

It wanted but a single glance  
Of that deep, loving eye,  
And Peter, smitten to the heart,  
Was weeping "bitterly."  
Well might the guilty coward weep—  
The false and cruel friend!  
Of all his boasted loyalty  
This was the shameful end.  
An oath—a curse—"I know him not!"  
O Jesus, leave not me  
To terror or temptation, which  
Shall make me false to thee.  
Dear, loving, suff'ring heart of God!  
Not one reproachful word  
For all that base ingratitude  
From those pale lips was heard.  
He only "turned and looked on him"—  
But that heart-breaking glance  
Struck home with more effective power  
Than blow from sword or lance.  
Ah, *death were mercy* to a look  
Like that from Jesus' eye;  
And Peter hastened from the hall  
Repenting bitterly.  
But not like Judas did he fear  
To lie asunder riven;  
Shame, love, and sorrow caused his woe—  
He wept and was forgiven.

## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

THINGS PRESENT AND ETERNAL.—“We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.” 2 Corinthians iv, 18.

Suppose that any of you had to cross the Thames, and then immediately afterward to embark on board ship, to sail across the sea, we will say to China; both undertakings are before you, and the last is to commence instantly, on the termination of the first. Well, a friend calls upon you, and you show him vast preparations made for crossing the river—the most minute things remembered—nothing whatever omitted. Then he asks you to show him your preparations for crossing the sea, and you give him no answer at all; he repeats the question, and repeats it again and again, and at length you reply that really you have omitted them—that you have made no preparation at all—that you have done nothing—positively nothing. What say you to such conduct? You condemn it as grossly unwise. But is not your conduct the exact counterpart of this? every preparation made for the present short and uncertain life—no preparation made for a life that shall never end; every preparation made for crossing the narrow river of time—no preparation made for crossing the boundless ocean of eternity. Is this ordinary wisdom? Judge ye. No preparation for death or judgment, or for meeting God.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.—“Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.” Coloss. iii, 18, 19.

The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's failings; not to be blind to them—that is either an impossibility or a folly; we must see and feel them; if we do neither, they are not evils to us, and there is obviously no need of forbearance; but to throw the mantle of affection round them, concealing them from each other's eyes; to determine not to let them chill the affections; to resolve to cultivate good-tempered forbearance, because it is the only way of mitigating the present evil, always with a view to ultimate amendment. Surely it is not the perfection, but the imperfection, of human character that makes the strongest claim in love. All the world must approve, even enemies must admire, the good and the estimable in human nature. If husband and wife estimate only that in each which all must be constrained to value, what do they more than others? It is infirmities of our characters, imperfections of

nature, that call for the pitying sympathy, the tender compassion that makes each the comforter, the monitor, of the other. Forbearance helps each to attain command over themselves. Few are the creatures so utterly evil as to abuse a generous confidence, a calm forbearance. Married persons should be preëminently friends, and fidelity is the great privilege of friendship. The forbearance here contended for is not a weak and wicked indulgence of each other's faults, but such a calm, tender observance of them as excludes all harshness and anger, and takes the best and gentlest methods of affection.

DARK HOURS.—“But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness.” Eccles. xi, 8.

Scenes of deep distress await us all. It is in vain to expect to pass through the world without falling into them. We have in our Lord's example a model for our behavior in the most severe and most trying of these occasions; afflicted, yet resigned; grieved and wounded, yet submissive; not insensible of our sufferings, but increasing the ardor and fervency of our prayer in proportion to the pain and acuteness of our feelings. But whatever may be the fortune of our lives, one great extremity, at least, the hour of approaching death, is certainly to be passed through. What ought then to occupy us? what can then support us? Prayer, prayer, with our blessed Lord himself, was a refuge from the storm; almost every word he uttered, during that tremendous scene, was prayer: prayer the most earnest, the most urgent—repeated, continued, proceeding from the recesses of his soul—private, solitary—prayer for deliverance—prayer for strength—above every thing, prayer for resignation.—Paley.

SKIN FOR SKIN.—“And Satan answered the Lord, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.” Job ii, 4.

This passage, imperfectly explained by most commentators, is, by Mr. Robinson, set in so clear a light that the reader will be better satisfied with a quotation than an abridgment. “Before the invention of money, trade used to be carried on by barter; that is, by exchanging one commodity for another. The men who had been hunting in the woods for wild beasts would carry their skins to market and exchange them with the armorer for so many bows and arrows. As these traffickers were liable to be robbed, they sometimes agreed to give a party of men a share for defending them; and skins were a very ancient tribute. With them they redeemed their own shares

of property and their lives. It is to one or both of these customs that the text alludes, as a proverb. Imagine one of these primitive fairs; a multitude of people from all parts, of different tribes and languages, in a broad field, all overspread with various commodities to be exchanged. Imagine this fair to be held after a good hunting season and a bad harvest. The skimmers are numerous, and clothing cheap. Wheat, the *staff* of life, is scarce, and the whole fair dread a famine. How many skins this year will a man give for this necessary article, without which he and his family must inevitably die? Why, each would add to the heap, and put 'skin upon skin; for all' the skins 'that a man hath will he give for his life.' Imagine the wheat-growers, of whom Job was one, carrying home the skins which they had taken for wheat. Imagine the party engaged to protect them, raising the tribute, and threatening if it were not paid to put them to death. What proportion of skins would these merchants give in this case of necessity? 'Skin upon skin, all the skins that they have will they give for their lives.' The proverb then means, that we should save our lives at any price."

**FAITH.**—"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for." *Hebrews xi, 1.*

Faith is said to be the subsistence of things hoped for, because the belief of those grounds, or of those promises of God, or declarations that come from heaven, that these and these things shall be given to those that believe—this, I say, doth give a kind of existence and presentiality unto the things themselves in the minds, spirits, and souls of men. For it is faith that is the ground-work, or that which giveth a subsistence to these things in the soul: for hope floweth from faith; and by it the heart is carried out to the expectation of them. Hope doth dilate and open the heart, as a man doth his hand, to receive that which is ready to be given unto him. But that which giveth life, breath, and being unto hope is faith. It is faith that giveth being unto the truth and faithfulness of God in his promises and declarations, by which they are settled, and secured that they are all valid, and that God will make them good unto his sons and daughters; that is, to those who shall believe. And in this respect the language or manner of the Scripture-speaking is very remarkable, that they who are enabled by God, being anointed with a spirit of revelation, to put men into a steady and substantial hope of possessing and enjoying such and such things, are said to give them the things themselves.

**LOVE TO ONE'S NEIGHBOR.**—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." *Rom. xiii, 9.*

We are commanded to love our neighbor as ourselves; and whatever we would that men should do to us, we are required to do so to them: which glorious and divine laws the great Author of the Bible hath there more particularly explained, and filled up with such instances of justice, charity, and love, that nothing can be added to them. He requires that we put away all bitterness, wrath, anger, clamor, and evil-speaking; that we lie not one to another, nor take up a reproach against our neighbor; that we be gentle and courteous, that we be kind to one another,

tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God forgives us; that we walk with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; that we owe no man any thing but love; and, in a word, that we imitate the great Pattern of goodness, our heavenly Father; and with a charity as extensive as the beams and influence of the sun do good against evil, bless them that curse us, forgive, pray for, and love our enemies, and overcome evil with good.

**EXHORTATION.**—"Exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." *Heb. x, 25.*

Exhortation includes instruction and admonition: the giving counsel how to preserve the purity and secure the salvation of the soul; how to prevent sin, or to cure it by the conviction of conscience when ignorant of its duty, by the excitation of the affections when cold and sluggish, and direction to order the conversation aright. The performance of this duty is inseparable from pure and unfeigned love; and the neglect of it is an argument of deadly hatred. "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart, nor suffer sin upon him." *Lev. xix, 17.* If you discover any prognostic or symptom of a disease growing in a friend that threatens his life, what a cruel neglect were it not to advise and urge him to apply to the best means for his preservation! Much more are we obliged to rectify the errors in judgment, and miscarriages in conversation, which they are guilty of; especially since spiritual diseases are infinitely more dangerous, and are not so easily discerned and felt as bodily are. To suffer unconcernedly a friend to lie and languish in a course of sin is soul-murder; and in murder there are no accessories. Every one is a principal. It is prophesied concerning the time of approaching judgment, that iniquity shall abound, and the love of many wax cold, by not convincing sinners in order to reform them. This exercise of love must be frequent while it is called to-day; and solemn, without bitterness of contempt, or seeming indifference of success, that it may be evident it does not proceed from a censorious humor or an impertinent curiosity, but from pure love. It must be attended with earnest prayer to the Father and Physician of spirits, to give healing virtue to it: otherwise it is but moral counsel. And it must be received with meekness and gratitude. The rejecting holy counsel discovers a double leprosy; for the rise of it is from pride in the understanding, self-conceit, and pride in the will, perverse obstinacy. The mutual discharge of this duty is the most precious, desirable, and advantageous benefit of friendship. We must perform it to all within the compass of our direction and warm influence. We must imitate the angels' earnest counsel to Lot: "Escape for thy life" out of Sodom. Delay not lest thou be consumed. O that this angelical zeal and compassion possessed the breasts of Christians!

**BEAUTIFUL FEET.**—"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things." *Rom. x, 15.*

The messenger's feet, soiled by walking in sandals, or barefoot, are in fancy rendered beautiful by the excellence of his tidings.

## Notes and Queries.

THE BALLADS OF A NATION VERSUS ITS LAWS.—The oft-quoted saying respecting the comparative influence of a nation's songs and its laws, is to be credited to Andrew Fletcher, of Saltown, Scotland. In his *Political Works*—8vo. p. 266, Glasgow, 1749—he speaks of “a wise person whom he knew, who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.”

The effect of ballads, or songs, in raising the passions, and educating the feelings of a people, has been known and felt even in our own times—much more in the times of our less cultivated ancestors. The *Marseilles Hymn* of the French, Burns' song of “*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*,” and similar national odes, are sufficient proofs of the power which resides in songs in the mouth of the people.

Ballads and rude poetry have been, in all countries, the earliest memories of public transactions, and not only were they the only *history* of the past achievements of the savage fathers, but they were the most effectual means to rouse and perpetuate a martial spirit in their sons. The military character of the Greeks has been attributed, in large measure, to the influence of the detached Homeric songs that were popular throughout Greece before Peisistratus gathered and combined them in the *Iliad*. The history of the first centuries of Rome is constructed almost wholly from the traditions that Livy found preserved in the form of ballads. And it would, perhaps, not be impossible to exhibit with considerable fullness the leading spirit and the chief events of any nation's history, by a chronological series of its songs and ballads. Tacitus tells us in his *Germania* that Arminius was remembered, long after his death, in the rude verses of their bards, and that ballads were the only annals known among the ancient Germans. An ingenious Frenchman, M. De Querlon, proposed to write the history of his country by collecting and arranging the songs of the people.

And this might easily be done for the *literary*, if not the *political*, history of the English nation. Immense numbers of the early songs must have perished, but immense numbers still remain; and large collections of the better, or more interesting ones, have been made by various antiquarians. Percy's “*Reliques*,” and Ritson's “*Antient Songs*,” are conspicuous instances of the richness of our literature in this species of composition. But these attractive volumes do not begin to exhaust the immense stores that have been preserved, of which large numbers still remain in oral or written form, and have never been printed.

INFINITE SERIES.—A correspondent, in the July number, asks, *What is an infinite series?* An infinite series is the result of a division; in which the divisor and dividend sustain such a relation to each other, that, continue the operation as long as you please,

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there will always be a remainder. It occurs in numbers, whenever the divisor contains any factor besides two and five, or two or five, not found in the dividend. The reason is, that for every cipher annexed, the dividend is in effect multiplied by two and five. Therefore, if the divisor contain any other factor or factors, the division will not be exact.

I suppose the same relation to exist in algebraic quantities, though it is not so plain. All series have a first term. S. A. C.

ANSWER TO QUESTION: Who wrote “That last infirmity of noble minds,” and what is that “infirmity?”

The words are Milton's, and are found in his monody of *Lycidas*:

“Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—  
That last infirmity of noble minds—  
To scorn delights and live laborious days.”—v. 70.

But Milton is not the first one who has expressed this sentiment. He is supposed in this, as in so many other of his beautiful phrases, to have borrowed from the classics of Greece and Rome. Plato calls glory the last coat which man lays aside; and Cicero says when fame is lost all that is worth living for is lost. But the passage which Milton is thought to have had especially in mind is found in Tacitus' description of Helvidius Priscus: “*Etiam sapientibus cupido glorie novissima exiit*”—Hist. iv, 6—“Even wise men free themselves from the love of glory last of all.” \*

ANSWER to Geographical Enigma in June Number: *Corinth*, an ancient, rich, and populous city. It once was in possession of the Venetians, and was captured by the Turks in 1715.

1. Carisbrook Castle, on the Isle of Wight.
2. Ostend, a fortified seaport of Austrian Flanders. It sustained a long siege against the Spaniards from July 5, 1801, to its surrender, Sept. 22, 1804, in which 80,000 Spaniards and 50,000 of the besieged perished. I find no account of a siege in 1509.
3. Reggio, a town of Naples, the birthplace of Ariosto, 1474.
4. Ilchester, in Somersetshire, birthplace of Roger Bacon, 1214.
5. Nemean Games celebrated at Nemea, a village of the Morea, Greece.
6. Tinto river. Its color is yellow. It is said to destroy all verdure on its banks, to petrify vegetation, and to destroy fish.
7. Hartz or Herceynian mountains.

W. S. C. W.

SOLUTION TO MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM IN JULY NUMBER.—A lad twelve years old sends the following from Kaneville, Ill.:

Given,  $x^4 - 2x^2 + x = 132$ .

Add  $x^2 - x^2 = 0$  to each member, we have:

$x^4 - 2x^2 + x^2 - x^2 + x = 132$ ,

which may be put under the form,  
 $(x^2-x)^2-(x^2-x)=132.$

Substitute  $m$  for  $x^2-x$ , and we have:

$$m^2-m=132, \text{ and } m=12 \text{ or } -11.$$

By taking the plus value for  $m$  and substituting we have  $x^2-x=12$ , and  $x=4$  or  $-3$ .

O. G. S.

ANOTHER SOLUTION.—By a lady, Cadiz, O.:

$$\text{Given, } x^4-2x^2+x=132. (1.)$$

Transposing  $x$  and adding  $x^2$  we get

$$x^4-2x^2+x^2=132+x^2-x. (2.)$$

Factoring,  $(x^2-x)^2=132+(x^2-x). (3.)$

Transposing and completing the square,

$$(x^2-x)^2-(x^2-x)+\frac{1}{4}=132+\frac{1}{4}. (4.)$$

Extracting the root,

$$(x^2-x)-\frac{1}{4}=11\frac{1}{4}. (5.)$$

Uniting,

$$x^2-x=12. (6.)$$

Completing the square,

$$x^2-x+\frac{1}{4}=12+\frac{1}{4}. (7.)$$

Extracting the root,

$$x-\frac{1}{4}=3\frac{1}{4}. (8.)$$

Or,

$$x=4.$$

S. R. M.

About twenty other solutions have been received, for which we make this general acknowledgment.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.—A querist, in the March number, asks who "Mother Carey" is, for whom certain sea-birds are named Mother Carey's Chickens? She is probably the Virgin Mary—*Mater Cara*, mother dear, or mother Cara, corrupted into the above designation. These birds are harbingers of pleasant weather, and by the superstitious seamen are supposed to be sent by their blessed patroness, the virgin mother.

S.

ANSWER TO QUESTION IN JULY NUMBER.—"The slightest degree of punishment, if protracted forever, amounts to an infinitely-severe punishment; the severest punishment protracted forever, can amount to no more; therefore, all who are punished eternally must suffer alike." Is this so? Is the slightest degree of punishment, which is infinite only in time, as great as that which is both infinitely severe and infinitely extended? Eternity is infinite; therefore, we can not measure it, neither the joy or suffering it contains. Yet two things may each be infinite, and of different magnitudes. The series  $1+1+1+1$ , etc., is less than the series  $2+2+2+2$ , etc., yet both can be produced infinitely. The question, whether all must suffer alike, can only be answered by our knowing the character of the place of punishment. For if the punishment be mental, it must of course vary with the individual mind.

J.

A SECOND SOLUTION.—J. P. L., in the Notes and Queries of the July number of the Repository, appears to be in trouble about a proposition on future punishment.

The proposition, placed in the form of a syllogism, is this: The slightest degree of punishment, if protracted forever, amounts to an infinitely-severe punishment; the severest punishment, protracted forever, amounts to an infinitely-severe punishment. Both parts of the proposition are true; but there is no relation between them, and no conclusion can be drawn;

each is independent of the other. Compare with the following:

The smallest kitten is an animal;

The largest elephant is an animal,

or "no more." Now what follows? According to the other, that there is no difference between a kitten and an elephant. Can any man believe that the amounts of water that can run through a straw, forever, and that can pour over Niagara, forever, can be equal?

P. S. Will there not be the same difference forever as at the commencement?

S. A. C.

ANOTHER ANSWER.—There is a fallacy in the argument from the ambiguity in the middle term. Put the syllogism thus:

A slight punishment is extended infinitely:

An infinitely-extended punishment is infinitely severe:

Therefore, a slight punishment is infinitely severe.

The second premise contains an equivocal in the word *infinitely*, which designates both the character and the duration of the punishment. *Quality* is confounded with *quantity*, and the quibble consists in using the same word in two separate senses. The second premise is, therefore, false in the sense intended.

W.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—A monarch equally renowned as a warrior and legislator. He won his kingdom by force of arms, and resolved to extend it by conquest. Finding his career stopped by a small and barren territory, he bent the whole force of his policy and valor to subdue its defenders. His first efforts were successful, and the capital city surrendered; but thousands rose in arms to punish the bold invader, and a long and fierce war ensued, which disordered the whole civilized world. The monarch coped successfully with the greatest heroes of the age, and died unconquered. He was a noble and courteous prince, and his generosity was acknowledged by his foes.

The above is to be solved by identifying the subjoined characters, whose initials supply the successive letters of the name required.

1. The barbarous general by whose orders Ismail was pillaged and its inhabitants massacred.
2. A learned Englishman, the friend of Charlemagne.
3. The founder of the Jesuits.
4. A famous library, twice destroyed by fire; the second time by barbarians, who used the books as fuel to heat their baths.
5. An admiral in the Spanish service, who took the stronghold of the African pirates, and liberated twenty thousand Christian slaves.
6. The ancient name of Napoleon's island kingdom.
7. The prince of natural philosophers.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—

$$\text{Given, } x^3+y^3=35.$$

$$x^2+y^2=13.$$

To find the values of  $x$  and  $y$ .

WHICH is the correct form of expression—"Up to the present time," or "down to the present time?" Or are they both correct?

L.

## Children's Department.

### THE CRIMINAL'S CHILDREN.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Allan Davis, with a decided emphasis, to his cousin John Lester, as the two boys fastened the cords in their large kites one March afternoon. "I shall just never have any thing more to say to William Mathews, now his father has been convicted of stealing that money and sent to the state prison for two years. I do n't think that the son of a criminal ought to be allowed to attend the academy—any how, if he has the face to show himself there he can't expect to associate with the other boys. Our Mary Jane says she sha' n't speak to Janet any more."

"But it seems hard, after all, Allan," answered John Lester in his slow way—for he was not nearly so bright or outspoken a boy as his cousin. "You know they're not really to blame for what their father has done, now."

"O, well, it's just the same if the world thinks so; and I'm sure I should feel as mean if my father was in jail as though I was there myself."

If John Lester's views did not fully indorse this remark, he was prevented from stating it; for at that moment a strong wind caught Allan's kite and it sailed up higher and higher in the air, till it lay like the wings of a white sea-gull cut clear against the blue sky, and as the boys watched her graceful ascension they forgot every thing else, and, alas! there was neither joy nor gratitude in their hearts because of God's good gift to them of honorable and tender parents, for he alone had made their circumstances to differ from those of the criminal's children, setting their lines in the joy of peaceful and pleasant homes.

"Willie, O, Willie, I say!" It was naturally a tremulous, soft-keyed voice, but it wound up loud and eager through that May morning, whose air was holy with the sacrament of birds' songs, and whose dews trembled amid the short, green grasses, like heaps of shattered pearls. She stood there in the narrow front walk of the small brown cottage, a thin, sallow-faced, little girl, her bare feet daggled with the dews, and a large red shawl thrown hastily over her night dress.

The voice reached the boy who was opening the front gate. He was a few years older than the girl, with a ruddier complexion, and altogether a more healthful appearance; till looking in the faces of the two you would have known at once they were brother and sister.

The boy wore a straw-hat, and his clothes, though coarse, were carefully fitted and mended. He carried a bundle in his hand, done up in a yellow silk pocket handkerchief. He stood still a moment, looked irresolutely at his sister, and then came hurriedly toward her.

"Janet, you ought not to be out here."

"O, Willie, Willie! what does it all mean?" There was something strained in her tones and a kind of wild bewilderment on the sharp, sallow face, which made its expression contrast painfully with its youth.

"If you will go into the house, Janet, and look on the stand right under the glass in your room, you will find a paper there that will tell you what it means."

He looked sorrowfully on the trembling little creature as he said the words.

"Willie, you are not going to leave me all alone—your poor little Janet?"

She spoke these words almost under her breath, but no pen can write the pain, and dread, and amazement which dwelt in that child's voice.

"Janet, I am very sorry for you, but I must go a little while—there, be a brave girl," for the small figure covered back as though a blow had struck it.

"But what shall I do without you—O, Willie, what shall I do without you!" and she crept closer to him.

"There, Janet, do n't," and as he stroked the short, dark hair, the boy's brown hand trembled.

"You'll be better off here alone with old Jane for awhile, and may be after a while I can come and take you away, too, some time."

She put up her small, thin arms, and closed them tight around his neck.

"O, Willie, you will take me with you; I will go any where, and be so good."

"I can't, Janet—girls never go where I'm going. O dear! how in the world did you find it all out?"

"I heard you, you see, as you came softly into my room this morning, and I felt you bend down and kiss my forehead, and then you whispered, 'Good-by, little Janet.' So it came at once into my mind that you were going off, and I jumped out of bed as soon as you left, threw aunt Jane's shawl over my shoulders, and run right out after you. O, Willie, what if I had n't waked up!"

"Well, I did it for the best, Janet, 'cause I thought it would just spare you and me a lot of trouble. But it's got to come out now. I'm going to sea."

"O, Willie!"

"Do n't look at me that way, Janet. It's hard, I know, but I can't stay here and brave it any longer, with the boys sneering and staring at me, and never speaking to me out of school or on the play-ground. I can't stand it any longer, and I won't. I'm just going to run off where they do n't know"—he did not complete the sentence, but a blush which stole up and burned through his sun-browned cheek completed it, with shame, and grief, and humiliation of spirit.

Janet saw it and understood. She did not speak for a moment, but stood still, looking with a yearning wistfulness at her brother, while the large tears oozed slowly out of her eyes. "O, Willie, you'll go away off where I shall never see you again, and be drowned likely, and then what'll become of me!"

"O, now, do n't you believe I'll be drowned, Ja-

net, or that I won't come back in a year or two and take you off with me to some place where we'll live together and you'll be happy again. That's one reason I'm going, and now you ought to be real brave and keep up a good heart, thinking of the time when I shall come back with lots of pretty presents for you."

He spoke in a bold, cheerful tone now, which somehow inspired a little confidence in the child's heart; and the tears stood still in her eyes as she asked,

"But, Willie, I shall want to see you so many times, and there won't be any body to talk to—any body to love me when you're gone."

"Well, never mind, you mustn't once think of that, only that I love you still, and am coming back in two years to take care of you, and you know I never could do any thing here. Now, be a good girl and kiss me good-by, for it's time I was off."

There was true moral heroism in the way that the little girl, Janet Mathews, swallowed back the sobs which lay in her throat that morning. She put her arms around her brother's neck and held him there a moment, while her lips dropped half a dozen long, trembling kisses on his forehead; and she said to him in a voice so low that one knew at once she dare not trust it higher, "Good-by; may God take care of my dear Willie! They were mamma's last words to you, and you will remember, when you are out on the great, wide sea, that they were Janet's, too."

"Yes, little sister, I'll remember. God bless little Janet, too!" He strained her closely to his heart a moment, then took his bundle and hurried off without speaking a word or once looking back; but he knew, for all that, that a small figure stood in the wet morning grass watching him with its pale face and yearning eyes till he was out of sight.

It was a sad story—that of the Mathews family, and you might have learned it from the lips of all the neighbors in Woodside, for Joel Mathews had been an honest, industrious farmer, and his wife a gentle, pleasant-faced woman, who three years before had been suddenly stricken by a fever, and gone out from her husband, and the boy and the girl God had given them.

Mrs. Mathews had a deep, though quiet influence over her husband which few suspected, and his real weakness of character only became apparent after her death.

He fell step by step; taking first to drinking, and then to gambling, and finally became deeply involved in debt, and in order to extricate himself from this he had broken into the store of the principal merchant in Woodside, being at the time under the influence of ardent spirits, and robbed the drawer of several hundred dollars. He was convicted and sent to prison, and his boy and girl were left in the care of the deaf old aunt of his wife, whose age and infirmities rendered her partially obtuse to the disgrace and misery which had fallen on the family.

So two months went by—the children lived in the old farm-house with the old woman, and a constant memory of shame burning in their souls and flushing their cheeks; for though many who had known their father and mother pitied the children, and rendered them kindly acts, still the averted faces and cold,

curious glances of old companions indicated plainly to William and Janet Mathews the gulf which lay betwixt them and their companions.

The boy was proud and sensitive—the girl timid and shrinking, and it was no wonder that the former began in a little while to feel that he could no longer bear the disgrace of his father's crime, and resolved upon going to sea, leaving his sister in the care of her aunt till he could return, as he fondly hoped, and remove her from Woodside.

"There, now, that speckled turkey's gone for certain!" exclaimed Miss Betsey Drake as she scattered barley meal from a pewter dish to a dozen young turkeys, gathered under the old pear-tree in her back yard.

She was a tall, hard-featured, angular woman, with a brown silk handkerchief tied over her head, and she lived in the old yellow farm homestead on the turnpike about six miles from the village of Woodside.

She resided here all alone, with the exception of her two hired men, for the woman was without a solitary near relative in the world, and the neighbors all said that her harsh voice and hard face were only types of the cold, hard heart which beat beneath; and there was too much truth in these remarks.

Nobody, however, could deny that Miss Betsey Drake managed her farm with all the skill of a man—much better indeed than her father or brothers had done, the latter of whom, the neighbors averred, "had been shiftless fellows, and both been lost at sea."

No wonder that the heart of Miss Drake lay cold and arid in her bosom, with no sweet stream of tenderness to refresh and gladden it, for she had no one to love on earth, and had actually worked herself up into the belief that it was the intention of every body with whom she was brought in contact to overreach and defraud her, and this gave to her tones and air that sharp antagonistic manner which pervaded them.

So, unloved and unloving lived the old maid in the house which had been her father's, working early and late, and adding yearly to her acres, and never dreaming that in her heart, too, lay hidden the cool, sweet springs of love, around which flowers might bloom and birds sing, if the angel ever came and smote the rock beneath which the waters were hidden.

"I know," continued Miss Drake, as she distributed her barley meal, "where that speckled turkey's gone, jest as well as though I'd seen the whole with my two eyes. Them Sykes boys has gone and wrung its neck on purpose to spite me. I do wish that I had my hands in their hair, or that Growler had his teeth under their skin," and the harsh face settled down into an expression of grim determination. "If I could only get hold on 'em—goodness, what now!"

The woman turned round so suddenly with this ejaculation that she barely escaped upsetting her dish of meal, for shriek after shriek of terror wound up the still road that May afternoon, and then a child's figure glanced along the stone wall, followed closely by Miss Drake's ugly dog Growler, who was barking at the top of his voice.

The child caught sight of the woman and rushed inside the gate, and stood pale and trembling before her. "O you won't let him bite me, will you?" she said, lifting up her pitiful face to the woman.

"No, he won't hurt you—down, Growler, I say."

The great black head of the dog fell, and his feet dropped from the child's dress at his mistress's command, but fatigue and fright had worn too heavily on the child's delicate frame. She reached out her hands in a groping way for Miss Drake's dress, staggered back and fell senseless to the ground.

"Well, now, if this do n't beat all natur'!" exclaimed the really-alarmed woman, and the pewter dish fell unheeded from her hands, and she bent down and lifted the little girl up carefully in her arms, and there was a softer expression in her face than had been seen there for years.

"She's fainted right away, as true as I'm alive," continued the woman, pushing back the tangled hair from the sorrow face. "I'll carry her right into the house and see if I can't bring her to with some camphor, for she do n't weigh more than a feather, any way."

Half an hour later the little girl opened her eyes, and stared wonderingly about her. She was lying on the lounge in Miss Drake's back room—a pillow under her head, while the woman was bathing her temples with camphor, while Growler stood at her side gazing demurely from one to the other. The child's eyes fell upon the dog and a little shudder glanced over her.

"Do n't let him bite me, will you?" and she nestled her little brown hand in Miss Drake's.

And that appeal smote down into the heart of the stern woman as nothing had done for years; for, alas! it was the first time in a score of these that the old maid had done a kindly act to a little child.

"Do n't be afraid—he won't touch you, now," she said, and her voice sounded kindly to the child, and she kept fast hold of the woman's hand, and smiled faintly in her face, and the smile warmed down like sunlight in the old maid's heart.

"Where did you come from? What is your name?" she asked, glancing over the worn, soiled dress, and the calico sun-bonnet, which she had removed from the little girl's head.

"I came from Woodside, and my name's Janet Mathews."

Miss Drake started as she heard the name and looked curiously at the child; for the story of her father's crime and imprisonment had spread far and wide, and the woman comprehended at once that the girl was the criminal's daughter, and somehow this knowledge softened her heart still further toward the helpless little creature.

"How came you to be wandering away off here?" was her next query.

And then Janet Mathews told the sad story of her young life, since her brother had gone to sea, nine months before. Her aunt Jane had died suddenly in the autumn following, and some neighbors had received the child into their family, not on account of any sympathy for her sorrows or her helplessness, but simply with the hope of getting out of her all the labor that they could.

Janet did not go into the details of her sufferings, but the worn face and wasted figure told its own story better than her faltering lips did of strength taxed far beyond its powers, and of harsh, unkind treatment, sometimes of actual abuse. At last the child had grown desperate, and had resolved, like her brother, to run away from her persecutors, thinking that it would be better to die all alone in the woods and go to her mother, than endure the torture of such a life any longer.

She had, accordingly, made her escape from the house that morning, and wandered in the woods till she had fallen asleep with fatigue under some trees by the roadside, whence she had been aroused by the barking of Miss Drake's dog, and when she endeavored to make her escape from him, the animal had followed her furiously, till her screams had reached his mistress.

"And now what are you going to do?" asked Miss Drake as the girl concluded her pathetic history.

"I do n't know—there is n't any body in the world to take care of me, and I do n't want to go where there are any little boys and girls, because—because"—she twisted her brown fingers in and out, and Miss Drake knew the thought which dyed the sorrow face with blushes.

The hard, cold heart melted at last. "How would you like to stay here?" she said. "I have n't any little girls or boys."

Janet Mathews looked up with a kind of pitying wonder. "What! have n't you got any little boys or girls in the world to love you?"

"No, not one," and Miss Drake's mouth quivered as she said the words mournfully.

"And you'd like to have me live with you always, really?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will." Janet Mathews was a warm-hearted, impulsive child, and she reached up her arms and drew them close around the woman's neck. And Miss Drake pressed the small figure up to her heart and held it there tightly, and there were still tears in her eyes; for though she was a stern, harsh woman, far away up a great many pairs of winding stairs in her heart was a door, and on that door was written *Woman!*

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A CHILD'S LOVE.—One of the sweets of social intercourse is to feel that we are loved by the little ones; their manifestations of affection are so artless and real—free from all the motives to show affection which might influence those of riper years. Love in children is like the cheerful sunbeam, the gentle rill, pure and lucid, sweet and heavenly; an influence that fans our cares away; and we love to think we are remembered in those bosoms of pure affection. Those little sunny faces are flowers in life's pathway: mark the attempts of the little lips to speak our names when they meet us; what funny mistakes they make; yet they all speak pure affection. O could we, who have arrived at riper years, still preserve, combined with maturity, the artlessness and simplicity of our childhood, then we should make those about us happy with ourselves.

J. P. H.

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**HONORARY TITLES.**—The degree of Doctor of Divinity has this season been conferred upon the following clergymen of our Church—Cyrus Nutt, North Indiana conference, and John Miley, New York East conference, by the Ohio Wesleyan University; Francis A. West, British Wesleyan conference; John S. Porter, Newark conference, and Daniel Wise, Providence conference, by Wesleyan University; Freeborn G. Hibbard, East Genesee, D. W. Bristol, Oneida, and J. H. Whallon, Erie conference, by Genesee College; Fernando C. Holliday, South-Eastern Indiana conference, by Alleghany College; David Holmes, Southern Illinois conference, by Olney Male and Female College, Illinois; George F. Brown, New Jersey conference, O. H. Tiffany, East Baltimore conference, and Thomas Carlton—Book Agent—Genesee conference, by Dickinson College; Aaron Wood, North-Western Indiana conference, by Indiana University; Nelson E. Cobleigh, Southern Illinois conference, by Lawrence University; and Aquila A. Reese, East Baltimore conference, by New York City University.

The degree of Doctor of Laws has likewise been given to John M'Clintock, D. D., President of Troy University, by Dickinson College; G. C. Whitlock, of Victoria College, Canada, by Iowa Wesleyan University; and to D. C. Van Norman, of New York.

**GAS BURNERS.**—Scarcely any thing connected with the subject of gas illumination has commanded more attention than the means whereby gas may be burnt to the best advantage; and although the greatest ingenuity has been displayed in the construction of many of the burners which have at different times been invented, yet none of them possess that universal applicability which is so desirable. The reason of this is, that different kinds of gas require different forms of burners, in order to effect perfect combustion. Thus, the rich canal gases are best consumed from burners with very fine apertures; while the poorer gases—those which contain less than five or six per cent. of condensable hydrocarbons—are burnt with most advantage from large apertures. In the former case, also, provision should be made for a large supply of atmospheric air, as by spreading out the flame by means of an internal button, or by using tall glasses; while in the latter case, the very opposite condition should be observed. It is evident, therefore, that no single burner can be constructed so as to secure both of these requirements, and consequently, that any burner which is well suited for one kind of gas, is altogether unfit for the other. Another point of importance is, that when several jets issue from the same burner, and blend together or coalesce, the light is always improved; for it is the property of one jet to assist another by exalting its temperature, and thus a greater heat and a brighter flame are the result of such a union—more light being thus given out than is the sum of the individual jets.

**FRENCH HISTORICAL MATERIAL.**—A young savan, M. de Lamothe, formerly a pupil of the Ecole des Chartes, has just discovered at Madrid some unpublished manuscripts of great interest for the history of France. There is, among others, a letter from the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, written at the Louvre on the very day of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and filled with curious details; also, one from Philip II to Charles IX, congratulating him on having struck so great a blow; likewise an account of the battle of Pavia by Pescara; a letter containing an account of the death of Henry IV, by a Jesuit in Paris to another in Spain, and very curious letters of Charles V, Francis I, the Constable Bourbon, and the leading personages of the Fronde.

**HUMBOLDT'S LIBRARY.**—It seems to be pretty well understood that all the collections of books, papers, and specimens of every kind, made by Humboldt, and belonging to him at the time of his death, are likely to pass into the hands of the American Minister, Mr. Wright, and be brought by him to this country. They were left by the philosopher to his valet, who had been his personal attendant for years—so it is said—and Mr. Wright has offered such a price that no one else about, it seems, has an equal amount of money to spare, even to preserve to Prussia one of the most valuable collections ever made in a scientific point of view.

**NEW GERMAN PAPER.**—A neat German paper, entitled Gott's Freund, der Pfaffen Fiend—God's friend, the Pope's enemy—has been started in St. Louis. It has undertaken the publication, in successive numbers, of sketches of all the Popes who ever occupied the Pontifical throne, and pursues a novel way of ridiculing Popery.

**THE NORTHERNMOST PAPER.**—A newspaper is about to be started under Canadian auspices, at the Selkirk settlement, on the Red River of the North. The press and types are now on their way thither. Mr. Laurie, late of the Owen Sound (C. W.) Times, is to be the editor. Selkirk is about four hundred and fifty miles north of St. Paul, and has about 10,000 inhabitants.

**SAXON WORDS IN THE ENGLISH.**—It is stated by the Edinburgh Review, that in a series of passages taken at random from the writings of Shakspeare, Swift, Gibbon, Johnson, and our translation of the Bible, out of an average of eighty-seven words, the number of Saxon words stands thus: the Bible, eighty-four; Swift, seventy-eight; Shakspeare, seventy-three; Johnson, sixty-six; and Gibbon, fifty-four.

**NUMBER OF WORDS IN COMMON USE.**—The Edinburgh Review enumerates the number of words in the English language acquired in childhood at one hundred, and this by an imitative process which waxes less active as the child becomes an adult. If he does not

belong to the educated classes of society, he will at no period acquire more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty. Upon a stock of twice that amount he may mix with learned men, and even write a book; and this when our entire vocabulary contains thirty-five thousand words.

**CARE OF DRESS ARTICLES.**—A great deal of the character of a woman may be found out by her dress. It is certain that we may decide on her prudence and economy, if she be not dressed above her position; on her good taste, if there be grace and harmony in the form and color of her dress; on her order and neatness, if it be clean and in good repair. A glove that wants mending, an unlaced boot, or unbrushed hair, denote a sloven—a character always despised. To dress well, by which is understood to dress neatly and becomingly, is the habit of well-educated people, the result of good taste and early custom; but to allow the love of finery to produce extravagance, vanity, and envy, betrays a weak intellect and a vulgar mind.

It is disgraceful to see a young lady with a shawl rumpled as if it had never been folded since it was

bought, a dress soiled or unbrushed, a bonnet bent out of form, or a collar worn the wrong side out. All these circumstances arise from negligence or idleness, and an economical person is well aware that clothes last twice as long when they are well taken care of. A lady's dress should be folded and placed in the drawer, or hung in a press as soon as taken off; if it be silk or merino, it should first be dusted or brushed, and if a hook have come off, or any thing be out of order, it should be attended to at once. A bonnet should always be dusted lightly after it has been worn, and covered over when put by.

Gloves should not be drawn one within another, but spread flat in a glove-box kept expressly for the purpose. A shawl should be folded exactly in the same creases in which it was first bought, and will then always appear new. Ribbons are best kept on wooden rollers; if white, in blue paper, which preserves the color. All muslin dresses, not wanted to be worn for some months, should be washed, dried without starch or ironing, and rolled up tight in a clean old towel till they are needed, as starch left in the muslin injures the fiber.

### Literary Notices.

**THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.** By Henry Longueville Mansel, B. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 12mo. 362 pp. \$1.25.—These lectures comprise a course delivered by Dr. Mansel before the University of Oxford, in 1857, on the Bampton Foundation. The American is from the third London edition. We have rarely read a book in theological metaphysics with more real satisfaction. The leading idea of the work is, that the philosophical difficulties which rationalists profess to discover in revealed religion are, in fact, inherent in the laws of human thought, and are as applicable in philosophical as in theological speculations. The difficulties which exist in theology exist also in philosophy. In other words, as Revelation is a representation of the infinite to the finite, whatever impediments, difficulties, or contradictions are encountered in attempting to construct a philosophy of the infinite, the same or similar ones must naturally be expected in the corresponding ideas which Revelation either exhibits or implies. The practical conclusion to which this principle leads is, that if, as is the fact, an examination of the problems of philosophy and the conditions of their solution should compel us to admit the existence of principles and modes of thought which must be accepted as true in practice, though they can not be explained in theory, because of the limitation of our knowledge and of our powers, the same practical acceptance may be claimed, on philosophical grounds, in behalf of the corresponding doctrines of Revelation. These principles are set forth in their various aspects and applications with masterly skill, and reasoned out to their conclusion with invincible logical force. The work deserves to be placed by the side of Butler's Analogy; for what

Butler demonstrated with reference to the analogy between revealed religion and nature, Mansel has demonstrated with reference to revealed religion and philosophy. The thinker will find in this work rich materials for thought. Here, too, almost unconsciously will he come upon many a precious and aptly-fitted stone that shall take its place in the rising temple of his faith—at once giving harmony and strength to the structure.

**THE GREAT CONCERN; or, Man's Relation to God and a Future State.** By N. Adams, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 12mo. 235 pp. 85 cents.—The themes discussed in this volume are, Instantaneous Conversion; Justification and its Consequences; Our Bible; Scripture Argument for Endless Punishment; Reasonableness of Endless Punishment; and God is Love. They were originally issued in the tract form during the great revival in 1857-8, and more than eleven thousand copies sold. The author has done well to gather them into the book form. The reasoning is strong and the appeals urgent. Can it be possible that "The South-Side View of Slavery" and "The Great Concern" were written by the same pen?

**M. T. CICEROIS DE OFFICIIS.** By Rev. Hubert A. Holden, M. A., of Cheltenham College. Edited in this country by Charles Anthon, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. pp. 315.—We have always regarded the *De Officiis* as a work especially requiring elucidation, and we are pleased to see so good an edition as this presented to our colleges. Cicero is a clear writer, but his diffuseness is often embarrassing to the student; and in his philosophical style he is frequently prolix. This

makes it difficult for a pupil to come at his meaning. The book before us is well adapted to the uses for which it is designed.

**SKETCH BOOK OF POPULAR GEOLOGY.** By Hugh Miller. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 12mo. 423 pp. \$1.25.—This volume comprises a series of Lectures read before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, also descriptive sketches from a Geologist's Portfolio. These latter have been selected by Mrs. Miller from the unpublished papers of her lamented husband, and arranged for this work. She also introduces the work with an elaborate resumé of the progress of Geological Science within the last two years. By her familiar handling of the subject she proves herself to have been a worthy sharer of those pursuits to which her husband devoted his life. In fact she evinces a knowledge of the science and wields a pen not unworthy of the great geologist himself. The present work is not only a valuable contribution to science, but will shed additional luster upon the fame of the author. It is certainly a legacy wholly unlooked for by the American public. It was known to many of his admirers on this side of the Atlantic that Mr. Miller had been laboring for years on a work designed to be the *magnus opus* of his life—"The Geology of Scotland." But with his untimely death the expectation of such a work ceased. In place of such an elaborate and scientific work, we have its *popular idea*—a work supplying to general readers, what the other and unwritten volume would have supplied to the scientific world. In a word, it is the geological history of Scotland, given in language intelligible to all, and with an affluence of anecdote, and incident, and literary allusion, for which Hugh Miller was so distinguished.

**POETICAL WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.** New York: Redfield. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—The original memoir which prefaces the poems, draws the character of Poe in scarcely lighter shades than those in which he was portrayed in our July number. His poems are of a piece with his character—gleamings of brilliant genius, or rather of what might have been brilliant genius; but appearing only in fragments, and even then shaded by the darkness of a moral night. The eccentricities of Percival excite our pity; those of Poe our reprobation. But both illustrate the truth of that oft-quoted though homely verse,

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

Our readers will already apprehend that the poems of Poe are not to our liking. They are interpenetrated with no high moral or spiritual element. There may be fancy, imagination, and passionate feeling. But they are not chastened by any elevated moral sentiment; we look in vain through them for the moral and religious element so essential in all true poetry. Weighed by his own principle, "that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites by elevating the soul," Mr. Poe has not produced a single "poem." Were the works of Poe dropped from our English literature, the chasm might be somewhat formidable, but the real loss would be scarcely perceptible. "The Raven," the most celebrated of all his poems, is simply "a horror of darkness." It smacks more

of the delirium tremens than of the true poetic inspiration. "The Bells" exhibit a sprightliness of fancy that will fascinate you, and an expertness at versification truly astonishing. But we must confess that the judgment of the world is against us in our general estimate. This is evident from the number of Poe's admirers, as well as from the popularity of his works. The edition before us is faultless—"blue and gold." But this same publisher finds a market also for a superb edition, splendidly illustrated, and selling at six and nine dollars, according to the quality. Then, too, the "works"—prose and poetic—of Poe, are spread through four volumes, and issued by Mr. Redfield in different styles, ranging in price from \$4.50 to \$10.50.

**SCIENCE OF EDUCATION AND ART OF TEACHING.** By John Ogden, A. M. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiletsch, Keys & Co. 12mo. 478 pp.—Mr. Ogden is an earnest, practical teacher. His heart is in the work. And under its inspiration has the present volume been written. The object of the author has been to lay open and enforce the principles of right education and teaching, rather than to introduce the exclusive use of any special methods. In this he has acted wisely. The principles are universal; the methods are special, and should be variable as the talents of the teacher, the character of the pupils, and the circumstances of the whole may vary. Among the educational forces to be employed, Mr. Ogden gives just prominence to the Bible. And while the author contends stoutly for amusements, and mental and bodily relaxation, he says, "No crazy waltz or giddy polka, or any other objectionable figure, should ever be allowed in the social circle, much less in the family training of boys and girls." In religious education he justly discards that *awful gravity* with which some are led, from their ascetic notions, to speak upon the subject, making it repulsive to the young, and thereby defeating the very object they have in view. On "the art of teaching," the author gives many suggestions that would be invaluable to the teacher. Were this used as a text-book in all our normal schools, and every teacher required to form an acquaintance with it, an incalculable improvement in the methods and results of teaching in our schools would be realized.

**THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, and the Final Condition of the Wicked.** By Robert W. Landis. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1859. 12mo. 518 pp.—Annihilationism is one of those pregnant heresies quickened into life by the Millerite delusion. Indeed, it seems to be the most active and persistent of them all. It has drawn to its support a few men, like Archbishop Whately, outside of the Millerite delusion, who give a degree of character to the discussion. Some advantage to truth will accrue from this. For it is better that such a heresy should come to naught after the ablest sustentation possible, than that it should simply fall from neglect. For in the former case, the elucidation of the whole subject will be likely to be provoked, and thus a permanent record of the dissection of the heresy and the annihilating objections to it will be made for future use as well as for present effect. Such is the work before us. A

clear, calm, and forcible survey of the whole ground of the annihilation controversy. We are glad to find such a work upon our list of publications.

**THE STATE OF THE IMPENITENT DEAD.** By *Alvah Hovey, D. D.* Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 16mo. 168 pp. 50 cents.—A question of profound importance is discussed here—discussed with becoming sensibility and with marked power. The Christian student will find it worthy of study. The impenitent living would do well to heed its admonitions, lest they be numbered with the "impenitent dead." The compendious reply to "objections" is especially pointed and conclusive.

**ORIOLA.** A new and complete Hymn and Tune Book for Sabbath Schools. By *Wm. B. Bradbury.* Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co.—The name of the author is a sure guarantee for the fit execution of this work. It contains 314 hymns besides several chants, and about 175 tunes.

The following books have been added to the catalogue of publications of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

9. Minnie Wingfield.
10. Paul and Harry Fane.
11. Faithful Bridget.
12. Henry's Fireside.

**LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.** By *Agnes Strickland.* Vol. VIII. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. Pp. 379.—The present volume contains memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart—eldest daughter of James I of England—and Sophia, Electress of Hanover. It is written in a lively and interesting style, and bears evidence of the same care and labor with which the preceding volumes of the series have been prepared. The narrative shows the progressive march and development of the nation's interior history; it presents well-wrought pictures of the domestic and social life of the people, and concerns itself more with the popular habits, customs, usages, and national traits, than with the big wars that are said to "make ambition virtue."

**ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR, ETYMOLOGY AND SYNTAX.** Abridged from the octavo edition of the *English Language in its Elements and Forms.* Designed for general use in Common Schools. By *William C. Fowler.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 16mo. Pp. 224.—A neat little book, founded on the author's larger work on the English language, and embracing the latest methods of presenting the science to young minds. The works of Dr. Latham, perhaps the best living philologist, have been freely used by Prof. Fowler in the preparation of his grammatical series, of which this is the third, and the most elementary.

**WALTER THORNLEY; or, a Peep at the Past.** By the author of "*Allen Prescott*" and "*Alida*." New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. Pp. 486.—A tale of New England life in the revolutionary period of our history. It is a quiet, unpretending narrative, and the characters are well delineated. It presents a good sketch of the state of society in the time and place where the scene of the story is located.

**IGDRASIL; or, the Tree of Existence.** By *James Challen.* Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. Cincinnati: William Scott, 28 West Fourth-street. 12mo. 170 pp.—A mystical poem, printed in the highest style of typography, on tinted paper, and handsomely bound. Some of the verses appear to be well wrought out. It was suggested by Carlyle's description of Igdrasil, the tree of existence, having its roots in the kingdom of death, its trunk reaching up heaven-high, and its boughs spreading over the whole universe.

**THE TEACHER'S INDICATOR and Parent's Manual for School and Home.** Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co. 12mo. 442 pp.—This consists of a number of lectures and addresses prepared for the College of Teachers which was established in this city about twenty-five years ago, and republished from the annual volumes containing their transactions. There is sterling merit in all of these productions; and the neat and convenient size of the volume is calculated to give them a more extended circulation. Teachers and parents will find it a useful work.

**TWO HOURS' READING. A Discourse on Methodist Church Polity.** By *Bishop Thomas A. Morris.* Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Poe. 18mo. 25 cents.—This little work presents an excellent view of the Methodist system of Church government, and to those who desire a compendious outline of our polity it will be a very acceptable manual. It is written in the Bishop's usual terse style, and the topics discussed are ably handled. Let it have a wide circulation among our people, and be read by those ignorant of Methodist usages. It will do good. Such a work is needed.

**CATALOGUES.**—We have received catalogues of the following institutions, of which we can give scarcely more than the title: 1. Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.—Rev. John Dempster, D. D., Principal—50 students. 2. Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa—Rev. R. W. Keeler, A. M., President—321 students. 3. Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati—331 students. 4. Xenia Female Academy, Xenia, O.—Wm. Smith, A. M., Principal—98 students. 5. Hillsboro Female College, Hillsboro, O.—Rev. J. M'D. Mathews, D. D., President—150 students. 6. Worthington Female College, Worthington, O.—Rev. B. St. James Fry, A. M., Principal. 7. Mt. Union College and Normal Seminary, Mt. Union, O.—O. N. Hartshorn, A. M., Principal—337 students. 8. Western Reserve Seminary, Farmington, O.—Rev. James Greer, A. M., Principal—296 students. 9. Albion Female College and Wesleyan Seminary, Albion, Mich.—Rev. Thomas H. Sinex, A. M., President—340 students. 10. Moore's Hill Collegiate Institute, Indiana—Rev. S. R. Adams, A. M., President—211 students. 11. Brookville College, Indiana—Rev. G. A. Chase, A. M., President—210 students. 12. Thorntown Academy, Ia.—Rev. C. N. Sims, Principal. 13. Danville Academy, Ia.—Rev. Levi Tarr, A. M., Principal. 14. Illinois Conference Female College, Jacksonville, Ill.—Rev. Charles Adams, A. M., President. 15. Granville Female Seminary, O. 16. Pennsylvania Female Seminary, Harrisburg, Penn. 17. Central College, Fayette, Mo. 18. Baldwin University, Berea, O. 19. Pittsburg Female College, Penn. 20. Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, Del.

## New York Literary Correspondence.

The Summer Exodus—Country Retreat—War News—Methodist Quarterly Review and Harper's Magazine for July—New Poems: "The Golden Age;" "Igdrasil."

THE season of the annual exodus is upon us, when the denizens of towns with paved streets and continuous lines of houses hasten to the green fields of the country, or to the sea-side, or to the "watering-places;" all but the members of the great can't-get-away club. But as your correspondent is not a "clubbable man," he is not detained with that most distinguished body. You will, therefore, please understand that this "correspondence" dates from my rural retreat—mine for the nonce—among rudely-cultivated fields, and unshorn hedges of nature's own planting, where the wild berries grow unbidden, and the birds build their nests unscared. Here grasshoppers and locusts harp for me the live-long day, and at night what with the gleamings of fire-flies, and the chirpings of a thousand nameless insects, the else fearful quiet of a country twilight is charmed into a mysterious loveliness. I speak only of the twilight, for before that has wholly disappeared, in obedience to the mandates of the *genii loci* we seek our pillows, and court the dreamy divinity. . . . Tallow "dips" are but sorry substitutes for gas-lights, and had our night-waking citizens no other luminaries than these they too would cease to turn night into day. How much of our morality is but the creature of our circumstances! Did you ever spend a starlit evening in time of dogdays, in the open air of the country, where houses were far between, and nature still revealed in uncultured wildness? How strangely witching is the scene! First come the bats, whirling in airy circlelets above you. The night-hawks sweep through the sky, leaping up—up—up, by successive flutters, each cheered with a loud shrill *peep*, till the needed elevation is gained for a graceful swoop, with a deep-sounding and prolonged p-o-o-h. Now lazy katydids slowly scrape their fiddle-bows, like practiced musicians preparing for some great *cantata*, and the tintinnations of a thousand winged and creeping things, impart an air of life and gayety to the scene, which contrasts strangely with the saddening silence of midday. At length a still deeper note comes booming along the valleys and echoing from the hill-sides; for far down in the marshes, among the grass and water-lilies, the frogs have opened their nightly concert. The smaller fry in altos and sopranos clatter over all the gamut, while some grave patriarch blows his bassoon, till the hills return the deep-toned symphony. All this I have witnessed in my time, and I remember it still, with an interest quite equal to any thing the reality could now probably afford me. But I am really in the country, and the reader may, if he can, imagine my paper to be redolent of summer fruits, and wild flowers, and new-made hay, though really it will be only a prosy letter, made up of so much of the affairs of the great world as comes to my notice in my sequestered hiding-place.

The daily papers which I get hold of semi-occasionally, are full of THE WAR—accounts of great battles commanded by emperors, and collisions of armies numbered by hundreds of thousands of warriors, armed with the most fearful weapons of slaughter—and of speculations as to the probable or possible developments of the future. This whole affair, of which the enactments upon the fields of Lombardy are but the external symptoms, is a deeply-interesting and important chapter in the world's history. It seems to be indeed a renewal, on a still larger scale, but otherwise with comparatively few changes, of that great drama which, fifty years ago, was half played out before the world and on the stage of Europe by the first Napoleon. That work was indeed balked of its results, and finally all undone, after the battle of Waterloo had freed Europe of the great scourge of the dynasties, and when the famous Congress of Vienna turned back the degrees that had gone down on the dial, and reinstated all things, *in statu quo ante bellum*. But revolutions do not go backward except by violence, and for all such crimes against human progress, time, though often tardy in its movements, is a sure avenger. In this case the day of retribution has indeed been long delayed, but now it is seen that events have steadily shaped themselves for that end, and the buried spirit of the age comes forth again unchanged in form, but with magnified proportions. A guiding hand, higher than all human power, and guided by a deeper than human wisdom, is manifestly directing the whole affair, so that there are grounds for confidence that good, rather than evil, shall result from these overflowings of "the wrath of man." Classical mythology records an inveterate conflict between Jupiter and his father Saturn, and also a similar one at an earlier period, between Saturn and his father Uranus. Whatever may have been the origin and primary intent of this fable, it most aptly illustrates the eternal warfare that is maintained between the past and the present. Thrones, dynasties, and institutions of the past are chiefly occupied in attempts to strangle and devour their own infant progeny, or failing in this, they wage incessant wars against their adult sons, and so hasten their own overthrow. The history of the race is largely made up of the details of this conflict, which becomes violent or subsides into comparative quiescence, in proportion to the healthy activity, or otherwise, of the spirit of the present. The present strife in Europe is only a movement in this great game in the play of humanity, with the past and the present for contestants. Institutions are but the shells which society secretes in its normal action, for its own protection and convenience; and these it again, by the same action, seeks to cast off, when changed conditions call for new developments; and against this healthful operation conservatism steadily opposes its accumulated powers. For the past half century the young giant of progress has struggled with increasing force to break away

from the shackles of the past, with only very partial success; and now again the trembling of the nations indicates both his powers and his restless activities, and suggests thoughts of the near approach of highly-important events. Like most other dreamy speculators, I have great confidence in human progress, and of the final triumph of the right; and I entertain a firm conviction that though the conflict may be severe and long continued, yet the world will still move on, and whatever may be the result of this or any other particular campaign, or however it may fare with any particular individual, it can scarcely fail that the young Jupiter of progress will prevail against the Saturn of conservatism.

But these sounds of war, and such speculations upon the workings of the great soul of humanity, fashioning the new heavens and new earth, but poorly comport with the quiet of my retreat, or the purposes that brought me hither; I will, therefore, refrain from them. But, then, what shall I write? I am not just now in a sentimental mood. There never was much poetry in my composition, and the changes of half a century have somewhat desiccated my blood and bones, and diminished the proportion of the lymph by means of which great and splendid thoughts are elaborated. But let none of your juvenile readers suspect that I am growing old. The fires of youth are like the newly-kindled burnings in one of your western "clearings," distinguished more for smoke and flames, and crackling sounds and tumblings, than for the intensity and steadiness of its heat, as to which the apparent quiet of the glowing mass of embers which they leave, so far exceeds them, and even the ash-covered fires of its declining state retain a much more intense burning. The application of my simile is very easy; and let all ambitious juveniles heed its teachings whenever tempted to class the man of threescores among superannuated fogies.

Only a few books and periodicals are permitted to invade the quiet of my hiding-place. Of this favored few, I brought with me the Methodist Quarterly for July—a partiality which I trust the editor and contributors will duly appreciate. I have also looked into it a little between times, and will now write about it. First I considered the title-page, on the outside of the cover, left hand, whose first line, specially indicated by a *PS*, informs the reader that this publication "has the largest circulation of any American Quarterly," which is no doubt gratifying to its publishers, though in these days of the "Ledger's" glory, a large circulation is but doubtful praise. The second line, omitting bars and spaces, is historical—"Volume XLI. . . . Fourth Series, XI." Truly our venerable Quarterly has a history. In 1818 it was born, the Methodist Magazine, a monthly of few pages and moderate literary pretensions, and in this form it was continued through eleven yearly volumes. Next, after a year's suspension, it came forth the Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review, in which form it held on its way for another period of eleven years, to 1840. At this last date it first received an editor specially designated to that work—Dr. George Peck—who raised it to the proper standard of a Quarterly, and during eight years maintained it in its elevated position. Next, the Review came

into the hands of Dr. M'Clintock, and four years later it passed into those of Dr. Whedon, its present able conductor. Few similar publications can show so fair a record, and boast of a career so generally and uniformly successful—and all this by the steady use of legitimate means.

Next we have the summary of the contents of this number—the titles of articles with the names of their writers. The subjects and forms of the papers are sufficiently various: a criticism—a disquisition—a biography—an essay—a historico-literary gossip—a discussion—a second essay—an "excursus"—with the usual editorial departments. It is a little remarkable that there is not properly a review in the whole number, though probably its readers will not complain of the omission. The writers are mostly young men; some of them already somewhat known as ready-writers, and others new-comers in the field of letters. The editor deserves thanks for thus eliciting the nascent talent of the Church. The prices paid for Review matter are not sufficient to command the services of writers of established reputations; but not unfrequently matter of equal intrinsic value may be obtained from another class who write for a reputation, or because the matter is in them and demands an utterance. Of the papers of this number I have been especially interested with the kindred ones by Messrs. Warren and Newhall—both young men of the New England conference—respectively on Unitarianism and Parkerism, and that by Rev. Mr. Fry, of Ohio, on "Camp Meeting Song-Writers." The picture of Unitarianism, painted by Mr. Warren, is probably correct as to the materials used, but it is very far from presenting a truthful image of that system as it really is. It should be read in connection with Mr. Newhall's paper on Parkerism, and with the recollection that this is quite as much a species of the exceedingly-indefinite thing called Unitarianism, as is that sketched in the other piece. It is rather a hopeless task, this undertaking to wash off the Ethiopian's skin and leopard's spots of that essentially-antichristian system, or to make it any thing else than a system entirely antagonistic to the Gospel of the New Testament. The paper on camp meeting songs is a genial, appreciative, and highly-pleasing piece, in which the skill of the writer is happily sorted with his chosen theme. Such pieces are always read with interest.

The sixth article—by Rev. Seneca Wieting, of Fort Plain, N. Y.—entitled, "The Rich Man and Lazarus," is a controversial discussion of the question respecting the consciousness and activity of the soul between death and the resurrection. I notice this article especially, because its subject seems to be eliciting some little interest in certain theological circles just now. The controversy is an old one—as indeed is the case with nearly all theological controversies—for the whole cyclopedia of heresies was exhausted many centuries since, and their baselessness proved, so that all modern innovators against catholic orthodoxy have but to retrace paths which have been trodden in former time, and to revive old and exploded sophisms. A volume on the same subject, by a Rev. Mr. Landis, pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Michigan, has been recently issued by

Carlton & Porter. How it happens that a Methodist publishing-house issues a book for a Presbyterian minister I know not; but as the question at issue is one in which all orthodox Christians have a common interest, there can be no impropriety in the arrangement. The form of argumentation employed in these discussions is not to my liking, though it may be needed. The writers find it necessary to come down to a pretty low level in order to bring their artillery to bear upon their antagonists, and to employ throughout a method the least possibly elevated and satisfactory to clear and comprehensive thinkers. Still, for those who, in the prosecution of their duties, are brought into collision with the class of disorganizers against whose crudities such books are written, this volume of Mr. Landis will be found both convenient and really valuable.

I also brought with me Harper's Magazine, for July—this literary *omnibus* still has a place among my privileged visitors, though I am on terms of perfect independence with it, to read or not to read it, or any part of it, as may suit my present fancy. I read of course the article on John Wesley, extending through twelve capacious pages. It is well written and appreciative, embracing a condensed biography, and a rapid glance at the character and influence of Methodism during the life-time of its founder. The writer's assumed stand-point is wholly outside of Methodism, and his remarks and animadversions upon his subject are made with a kind of forced freedom. As a whole the piece is sufficiently laudatory to satisfy any moderately-reasonable admirer of the great evangelist; while, as if to guard against the suspicion of undue partiality, the writer appears at times to be hypercritical and almost captious. His strictures on certain points of Christian doctrine, prominently presented by Wesley, indicate a want of clear notion of those doctrines, and especially of their historical relations, as recognized in the Church long before the times of Wesley. But while freely confessing these patent faults, it would be alike unwise and unjust to deny to the paper as a whole high praise, both as a literary performance and a deserved tribute to its great subject, to whose merits the present age seems disposed to be just.

I designedly spoke of the author's position as *assumed*, for such I am satisfied is the fact; and though written in the style of an outsider, I am pretty certain the writer's relations to his theme are more intimate than he pretends. Indeed, I will venture all my reputation for sagacity in such matters, upon the declaration that the writer of that piece is a Methodist, and a Methodist minister, well known in this vicinity. In making this statement I betray no confidence, for I have been intrusted with no secret, and

yet I make it with assurance, and not merely as a case of bold guessing. The author's "speech bewrayeth him," notwithstanding certain manifest attempts at concealment; nor should that fact affect either way the estimate or influence of the article. It appeals to evidences accessible to any who will be at the trouble to examine them, and these amply sustain his most important positions.

Two little volumes, made up of matter composed according to the rules of English versification, and by way of courtesy called poetry, have also occupied some of my hours of dreamy summer musings. The first of these, in fancy cloth and gilt-edged leaves and paper of purest whiteness, is entitled, "The Golden Age." This little book is the work of a valued young friend—a man of real genius, and of more than merely respectable abilities as a prose writer, and possessing still higher properties as a Christian minister. But he was not born a poet, nor has he so far done violence to his own nature as to make himself one against the protest of nature. To say only that even this production evinces valuable abilities would be less than the whole truth. It proves, were such proof needed, that he has powers by whose right use he may occupy an honored place among men of letters; but let him forever forswear the service of the muses.

The second is a book of still more pretentious exterior—in fancy boards, and of tinted paper, large and clear type, and lines doubly leaded. It is "Igdrasil; or, the Tree of Existence, by James Challen, author of the Cave of Machpelah, and other poems." Like the preceding this is not the production of a poetborn; but Mr. Challen has gone further in the train-drill of versification than has my clerical friend. Indeed, by much practice, or else by virtue of a natural aptitude for rhythm, he has attained great facility in verse making. His lines have the true orthodox jingle, and his multitudinous measures are generally well maintained. Nor is the matter wholly destitute of the real poetical element. A kind of dreamy haziness over the scene, and occasionally intimations of the presence of the divine afflatus may be detected, but quite too faint in its pulsations to redeem the composition. Poetry, like music, and other products of the fine arts, is designed to increase our pleasure; and when it fails to do this, it fails capitally, though confessed to contain many positive excellences. Then it becomes an office of friendship, to hand over the unsuccessful candidate for a niche in Fame's temple to a quiet oblivion.

And now, dear Editor, I have done my purposed work. A cordial good-by to this correspondence, that I may rusticate at will among the green fields and sylvan shades of my retreat.

## Editorial Paper.

### TWO LETTERS ON THE ITINERANCY ANSWERED.

THE brethren who have made kind recognition of our papers on itinerancy have our hearty thanks. We are made glad with the hope that those papers

are doing some good—contributing something toward forming a sound and healthy sentiment upon an important feature of our Church organization. In purpose we had taken our leave of the subject; but the

interest it has elicited, and some of the present aspects of the question have induced us to take brief excerpts from two of the letters we have received, and make them the occasion of another paper. We can give only so much of them as expresses the points at issue.

The first discourses after the following fashion: "Your papers will tell in their effect, I have no doubt. They present in brief not merely a vindication of the itinerancy in the past, but absolutely conclusive arguments for it in the future. The only complaint I have to make is that you have failed to recognize the true theory of itinerancy, which obviously requires that changes should not be made arbitrarily and at measured times. In fact, the only limit in time should be that of usefulness; and no man should be removed from a station so long as he is useful in it. Religion does not require any such thing; common-sense is against it."

The second letter from which we quote says: "I have no sympathy with that pseudo reform which demands an indefinite extension of time. Its success would be the death-knell of our itinerant system. But I fully believe the time has come when the condition of the work, the character of the ministry, and the voice of the Church demand the extension of the time to three years. And this extension I most heartily wish you had seen fit to urge upon the Church in your papers."

At the outset we are struck with the diversity, nay, entire antagonism of views here presented—one writer enlisting both religion and common-sense in favor of a measure, which the other believes would be the death-knell of our itinerant system. Yet if weight of character, large experience, earnest and successful labor give force to opinions expressed, both these opinions are entitled to that force. Whatever dissent we may make to the views expressed, it is made without any abatement of respect for the authors.

In the first place, then, let us review this theory of the indefinite extension of time. As an abstract theory it is certainly very beautiful. For a minister to remain undisturbed in his charge, toiling on year after year, till he comes to that point, when, by some unpropitious circumstance, his usefulness fails, then to be gently transferred to some other field where he may run through the same or a similar course—perhaps equally protracted and pleasant! Beautiful ideal of itinerancy! But when we come to the practical aspects of this theory, we find the actual widely different from the promise of the ideal. Our first obstacle is met in the fact that though a man may still be useful in the charge he occupies, there may be a promise of higher usefulness in some other charge, and for this reason the authorities of the Church may feel that he ought to be removed; or there may be the promise of better remuneration or of more agreeable associations in this new charge, and he may desire to be removed. Thus it will be seen that other elements than those contemplated by this new theory of itinerancy, will, of necessity, enter into the practical workings. But, again, it is no easy matter to ascertain the point at which a man's usefulness begins to wane. The results of his labor may not be

so obvious as at first, yet his real usefulness may be increased even. Or if his usefulness has waned, it may be from causes wholly extraneous to himself—causes which would in like manner affect the usefulness of whoever might succeed him. Why, then, should he be removed? Or, on the other hand, he may regard his usefulness unimpaired, but the society may be of a different opinion. Or part of the society—his special friends—may regard his permanence with them as indispensable, while the balance of the society may be equally clear and equally persistent as to the importance of his removal. Hence strife, alienation, and, perhaps, rending of the Churches. In the state of things engendered by this plan of itinerancy, if adopted, nearly every change would involve difficulty, either on the part of the preacher or people. The friction of the "great iron wheel" would become so great that its revolutions would absolutely cease and no ecclesiastical power could again set it in motion. Still, again, under this system a removal would be understood "to be for cause." Usefulness has ceased. There has been failure. The man has run out and now must have a new place. Under such circumstances, and with such implied causes for removal, the reputation of the minister would be impaired by every change. In fact, a few changes would use a man up. It would come to be understood that he was not a successful—not a useful minister, and no society would be willing to receive him. Finally, what, after all, is this new and plausible theory of itinerancy but the opposite system in disguise? For what do the advocates of a "settled ministry" contend? that the minister shall continue to the end of life in the same charge, regardless of all considerations that might suggest change or removal? No. Nothing like it. If a pastor becomes involved in difficulties with his people or the Church and congregation run down under his ministry, they do not hesitate to dissolve the connection. Nor do they hesitate to dissolve it when the qualifications of the pastor fit him for a post of greater importance and that post demands his services. Thus he who advocates this theory, advocates the virtual abolition of itinerancy. It may not seem so to him; we do not intend to charge that he does it of set purpose; nevertheless, he does it in effect. We defy any other conclusion. Such a "reform" would be, as it is called in our second excerpt, "pseudo," and "its success would be the death-knell of our itinerant system."

But let us turn to the second excerpt. "The extension of the time to three years" is a mere question of expediency, and not like the former, a radical innovation upon the fundamental principle of the itinerant system. The time of continuance in the same charge has varied in different periods of our history. Some appointments are on record as being for three months; and in our early history changes were made annually. At length, in 1804, the limit of continuance was fixed at two years, and has continued so to the present day. We have mentioned these facts to show that three or six months, or one or two years, is not vital to the system. The distinctive element of itinerancy is *definite limitation*. The point of limitation is to be determined by the

condition, wants, and instrumentalities of the work. In the Wesleyan connection the limit is three years, though a man is rarely if ever returned the third year, unless such return is formally solicited by the officary of the Church. It should be borne in mind, however, that the circuit system almost universally prevails in England, so that in a course of three years' labor a minister may not preach as many sermons to the same congregation as our preachers who are in stations do in a single year. Having said thus much, we will add, that if we believed, with our brother, that "the condition of the work, the character of the ministry, and the voice of the Church demanded the extension of the time to three years," we should not only most heartily approve of the extension, but would most earnestly labor to effect it. But we must confess to doubt and hesitation. It is, however, only doubt and not opposition. In the first place, it is not clearly ascertained that the Church—we now refer to the laity—demands it. We are satisfied that a large portion of our active, intelligent, and influential laymen, especially in our large cities, desire this extension. We confess, too, that the voice of this class of men should be heard and their judgment respected. But, if we are not mistaken, outside of this class, the great body of the Church are either indifferent or opposed to the measure. Were the subject brought before them more directly, and the matter more fully canvassed, and especially were the measure separated from all connection with the indefinite extension proposed by some—and from the spirit of radical innovation manifested by others—the result might be a more general conviction of the utility of the change than exists at the present time. Changes in our well-settled, thoroughly-tried, and gloriously-successful system, should certainly not antedate, but follow after public sentiment. Call that old fogysm if you will; we call it good philosophy—common-sense. Nor are we so clear on another point. "It would be much better for the ministers, and be an economy to the people of at least one-third of all the expense of moving, which you with good show of correctness have made \$70,000." So says our brother in another part of his letter. Were all our preachers as popular and successful as he is, the argument would possess more force. He would probably remain three years in every appointment, and longer, too, if the people could keep him. But while certain popular and successful men would be continued three years, the removals at the end of one year would be greatly increased from causes perfectly apparent to those familiar with the workings of the system, but which need not now be discussed. In this way as many if not a greater number of actual removals would occur under the new régime as now take place. Hence no saving of expense to the societies would be realized, and many of our preachers would be cramped and injured by it. Indeed, this result would throw an increase of traveling expense upon the societies and preachers least of all able to bear it. But says our brother, "If these men do not improve themselves so as to meet the demands of the age, keep them rotating till they are rotated out of the traveling connection." We can not sympathize with that feeling. There are many among us, good and true men—men

of deep piety and unostentatious usefulness—earnest, patient, and persevering in labor, but to whom high gifts and generous cultivation have been denied; whose opportunities have been limited, and who can not be expected to shine in the pulpit. "Rotate" such men out of the ministry! My brother, we can't spare them; the Church can't do without them. Rotate them out of the ministry! What right have we to do it? Has not God called them into it? Have they not the seal of his approbation? What right, then, have we to rotate them out of the ministry? Nay, my brother, why should we consent that their post should be made harder than ours may be easier? But after all, we confess to an inclination for some provision that may meet special cases. We do not now know what it may be—what it can be. We are disposed to look at the question, to hold it under advisement without prejudice calmly, till it shall work itself out more clearly into a practical form.

When we can see conferences making sound and vigorous men "supernumerary" in order that they may serve a third year in an important charge, and the bishop ratifying that action by appointing them to the charge, with the simple suffix of "sup"—when we see men receiving *nomina* appointments as secretaries, professors, or presidents, with the clear and full understanding and for the object that they may serve some peculiar charge a third successive year—when we see these things, and others that might be named, we are inevitably forced to the conclusion that a law whose spirit the exigencies of the work so often contravene, requires some modification, or that the administration is much at fault. We hesitate not to say that no change of law or system, brought about by legitimate and constitutional process, is to be deprecated with half so much dread as the practically annulling of law in administration. The former denotes the existence of a vitality which will react and remedy all theoretical errors when experiment and practice prove them such. The latter indicates the demoralization of the ecclesiastical function. It is an incipient paralysis of law, and how high that paralysis will reach, or to what function it will extend, no one can foretell.

More we would like to say. Several points suggested in letters received remain unnoticed. The perils which environ the itinerant system were never greater than at the present moment. Foes it has had at all times. Virulent denunciation and the pointed shafts of derision have fallen upon it. But so long as these were from without, they were comparatively harmless. They become dangerous only when they find a place among ourselves. Our friends without may honestly differ from us. Grave and, we have no doubt, honest counsel has been given to "the Methodists to give up their itinerancy." Again and again it has been hinted that we would be quite a "respectable people" but for this "changing of ministers." "It would do more good than all their camp meetings," says Dr. Murray—himself the fruit of itinerant ministerial labor in the old John-Street M. E. Church. The cutting of Samson's locks probably added to the respectability of his locks, but, alas! it robbed him of his strength. Let our own hand at least be kept aloof from the locks of our Samson.

## Editor's Table.

AMONG THE BIRDS.—The health of some members of our family made it requisite for us to seek a home in a rural neighborhood during the warm season of the past summer. Such a luxury had been denied us for long years, and now the snatches of time spent in this retirement were all the more grateful. To give ourself up to the companionship of nature, to catch her inspiration, and to enter into her secret soul-communings, required no forced effort. From the very first morning, when, with the early dawn, we were awakened and charmed with the sweet melodies of nature's songsters, to the last hour of our stay, deeper and still deeper grew our interest, and more and more significant were these communings. But we sat down to express our obligations to the birds—the beautiful song birds, who greeted us on our coming with their full and swelling orchestra of welcome, and now, at our parting, send forth from shade and fruit tree, from copse, and hedge, and fence, their plaintive farewell.

The singing of the birds must be *listened to* to be enjoyed. But when we give ourselves up to it, forget all the world besides, and take into the soul all its melodies, how beautiful the emotions it awakens! We would not exchange it for the clangor of all the "brass bands" in creation. Nay, the "human voice divine," in its highest moods, is not able to quicken such exquisite sensibilities, or give such refined enjoyment.

But we would renew our acquaintance with these songsters, that we may enjoy with more exquisite relish the music of each.

The robin, or as he is familiarly called, robin-red-breast, has been among our charmers. He is a gentleman in his manners, and impresses you somehow with his dignity and moral worth. Hence he is revered as well as loved. Even the school-boy will hesitate before he levels a stone at the robin, or disturbs his nest. His notes, though full of sweetest melody, have little variety or power. Yet his voice is not without its place in the grand orchestra of nature's songsters—the *soprano* of this orchestra, say some. He is one of our earliest songsters; and his notes in early spring are not only the glad harbinger of the resuscitating life of the insect and vegetable creation, but a prelude to the grand concert soon to burst upon us from hill and meadow, hedge and forest—blending the warbling and tuneful symphonies of songsters uncounted in number, and wonderful in variety of song. The robin is associated with our earliest recollections in the New England home of our childhood. An essential of the morning would have been wanting had we missed his matin, and of the evening had his vesper remained unsung.

The sparrow—where is not the sparrow to be found? What rood of earth where its chirp is not heard? It has its mission—not of beauty, not of song! But it is every-where a sweet reminder of the Savior's words: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing:

and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." If you fail to charm me with your song, gentle sparrow, you shall be my teacher. I will learn from you a lesson of holy and confiding trust. Whenever and wherever you flit before me, I seem to hear you say, "Fear not, ye are of more value than many sparrows." The song-sparrow, however, is not without his musical notes. They are few but merry, and are warbled with ecstatic fervor. There are several—seven it is said—variations of his song. But how many we have been unable to count. One he will repeat several times, then take up and repeat the next, and so on. We can almost imagine that the birds have their matins and vespers, as well as their song of love, of joy, and of sorrow. The wooing song of love, the wail of complaint, the call to an absent mate, the long-drawn-out and oft-repeated sorrow for her loss, are so many expressive variations of the song of the birds. Do we wonder that their song finds response in human hearts?

The wren also performed in the grand orchestra gotten up for our benefit—a most singular bird in his character and habits as well as his music—active, restless, brave. He can hardly keep still long enough to complete his song. Indeed, the one before us just now breaks off in the middle of it, to pay sudden respects to a fly which had ventured too near his beak—drawn, perhaps, by the melody of siren strains. Poor fly, he is gone, and the song, with the loss of only a few notes, is renewed. The notes of the wren are quick and lively. He begins sharp and shrill; then falls to a low key—making a series of almost guttural sounds; and finally closes his song by rising again to his loudest, shrillest peal. He commences a second song almost before the first is completed, and intertwists his melody with a facility and an abandon as perplexing as it is pleasing. We almost fancy we read the character of the bird in his song. Self-reliant, brave, ready to fight against twice his odds, and not very particular as to whether he is fighting to defend his own rights, or to deprive his neighbor of his—what wonder if a smack of assurance, of impudence, and even of the "dare-devil," enters into his song?

Several species of woodpeckers have done us service—one with tri-colored plumage, red, white, and black, especially. We have not much to say of his music. But his brilliant and peculiar plumage gives diversity to the display of the feathered tribes. With our little folks this display overmasters every melody of sound. From the sweetest strains poured forth by the wren, or even our American nightingale, they will run at the very first appearance of this bird with scarlet-tinted head and neck, and wings fringed with white. "Give a bad name to a dog and it will stick to him forever." Poor woodpecker! he has a bad name, and every boy feels bound to level a stone at his head, though it may miss him by a dozen ells. No doubt the popular fancy that the woodpecker

"injuries the trees" is a misapprehension, and a slander on the bird. His bill pecks its way only where the worm may be found, and not into the sound wood. Whether this vindication is correct or not, we shall welcome the woodpecker to our woods and fields—when we have them.

The quail has also made music for us. There he sits on that low limb or rail, concealed by the grass from our sight, repeating for half an hour at a time his two notes. They are pulsatives, and sound like "Bob White." But yet there is melody in them. We like the quail. Its domestic qualities endear it to us. The voice of the mother guides, and her wings shelter her young. Going out one day across the fields, a quail fluttering, apparently wounded and in great distress, and uttering notes of dire alarms, attracted our attention. Our first impulse was to rush to the poor bird's relief. But then it occurred to us that these are the artifices by which the mother decoys the invader away from the region of her nest. Do n't be alarmed, little bird, we would not disturb that little domestic group if we knew where they were. We would not repay the music of your mate with such unkindness.

The humming-bird, attracted by the summer flowers, has been our almost constant companion, charming not by the music of its voice, but by the lightning velocity of its motions, and the humming sound of its wings as it flutters around the flowers, extracting their sweets without ever lighting upon them. This is the lilliputian of all lilliputians of the feathered tribe. The delicate tints of its plumage are the divinest workmanship of the great Artist. Rarely is any bird gifted with both beauty of plumage and the power of song.

Very much resembling the canary both in plumage and in song is the American goldfinch—the *Fringilla tristis* of the naturalist. One might mistake him for a canary, though he falls below that bird in compass and variety. Rapid in the execution of his notes, sweet in his melody, we regret that his kind is not more numerous among the warblers who have honored our advent with their songs. One peculiarity in the flight of this bird is alternate rising and sinking—and not unfrequently he sends forth his musical notes at each successive impulse of the wings. Sometimes a whole choir of these birds join in concert. In these concerts a single voice seems to sound the key note; then others join in, but so as to sound in harmony, till at length the whole choir are pealing their notes at the very top of their power. Then the music dies away, one after another becoming silent, till the concert winds up with a single voice—lingering and dying in its melody.

Our list is incomplete. The swallow, the martin, the blue-bird, and even the cat-bird, with others, have claims upon us. But we have already exhausted our space. We have failed to express the full thoughts of our meditative mood. Never before have we so much enjoyed the music of the birds; never before felt the power of its divine melody; never before so deeply comprehended its hidden lessons. It is a sublime thought that, amidst all that is baneful and repulsive in the moral condition of our world, there is scarcely an acre on all its wide circumference from

which the melodies of these sweet songsters do not ascend, symphonizing with the chorus of angels, and entering as grateful praise into the ear of the Eternal.

**CHILDREN GATHERING WATER-LILIES.**—This picture will bring back to many a vivid recollection of some of the scenes of childhood. Such a scene does it recall to us. We remember the placid sheet of water where the lilies grow, its surface covered all over with the broad and not beautiful palm of the circular leaf. The water might be a few inches or many feet in depth, but it looked more like a flat marsh. Then appeared the cone-like buds peering up among the leaves, and giving variety to their flat monotony of homeliness. Soon those cones were loosened at the top, and the unfolding calyx disclosed streaks of snowy whiteness. A few days later, and the lily in full bloom appeared in all its glory—its beauty equaled only by its fragrance. The stem on which the bud grows starts from the root, and is not unfrequently several feet in length. In size and shape it resembles an elongated and flexible pipe-stem, allowing the pearly white flower to float like a cup on the surface of the water. What our Savior said of "the lily of the valley" is equally applicable to the lily of our northern waters. For surely "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We remember the exclamation of a little boy: "How beautiful must God be who makes such beautiful lilies!" Is it not the design of such beautiful objects in nature to impress upon the heart ideas of the beauty of God?

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—Our contributors must exercise a little patience with us. The number of articles on file is larger than ever before. Some of them have been delayed a long time. We can not use them in the order of time; for our pages demand an agreeable variety, and we must look to this in making them up.

The following articles we must decline, namely: *A Walk*; *Ode to the Repository*; *The Nodding Wake-Robin*; *My Bible*; *Night Scene on the Chesapeake*; *Thy Will not Mine be Done*; *Plymouth Rock*; *Pray for Me*; *Child of Genius*; *Summer*; *Hard Times*; *Five Strangers*; *The Battle of Life*; *My Birdie*; *The Book of Nature*; *The Empress Josephine*; *Live for Something*; *The Blind Girl's Musings*; *Night*; *Deception*; *Visit to a Graveyard*; *She is Dead*; *The Fifth of April*; *Mount Up on Eagle's Wings*; *Shaking Hands*; *The Bereaved*; and *The Young Itinerant*.

**THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE** of this city has suffered a severe loss in the death of its first President, Rev. P. B. Wilber, who for seventeen years has presided over its destinies. Mr. Wilber was one of the most successful educators of the age. His memorial is his works. His name is permanently identified with the cause of female education in the United States. We hope in due time to give a more fitting memorial of him. The institution has been fortunate in securing as the successor of Mr. Wilber, the Rev. Robert Allyn, A. M. Mr. Allyn is well known as one of our most experienced and successful educators. We doubt not that under his efficient administration the institution may enter upon a still more enlarged career of usefulness. Not only Cincinnati, but the whole west has reason to be proud of it.



*Engraved by J. C. Buttre*

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